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# ABOUT WOMEN

*by*

JOHN MACY

Thus spake Zarathustra: "Of man there is little here; therefore do their women masculinize themselves, for only he who is man enough will save the woman in woman."

—*Nietzsche.*

*WILLIAM MORROW & CO.*
NEW YORK - - 1930

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TO

KATHLEEN MILLAY

AND

HOWARD IRVING YOUNG

Et creavit Deus hominem ad imaginem suam; ad imaginam Dei creavit illum, masculum et feminam creavit eos.

## *TRICKS OF WOMEN* *

### *A Fable By Way of Introduction*

*There was a boy who was the son of a rich man. The time came for him to marry; he was twenty-five years old; and his father said to him, "You get married."*

*The boy said, "Father, I will not marry without knowing the tricks of women."*

*The father said, "You have been in school for a long time and have studied the sciences. What more do you need?"*

*The boy said, "Without knowing the tricks of women I'll never marry, because my wife would deceive me every day."*

*What was the father to do? He gave the boy a lot of money and the boy went away. He traveled all over the world, and whenever*

* From *Tricks of Women, and Other Albanian Tales.* Translated by Paul Fenimore Cooper. William Morrow & Company, 1928. By permission of the translator.

*he heard that a wife had deceived her husband he wrote it down. Soon he had written a great deal.*

*He went as far as he went, he traveled about, and always he wrote down what he heard. But his mind was getting tired, and he thought, "I have learned all the tricks of women." On his way he came to a town in which the king was marrying off his son. The king sent for whatever strangers happened to be in the town and had them all brought to the feast. The boy happened to be there at that time, so he was brought to the king's palace. The king and the queen went to the door to meet this strange boy when he came, and he was sent to a room that had been set aside for strangers. The king made him welcome and saw that he possessed great learning, so he put him in another room by himself. Having put him there, he asked him, "From what country are you and from what family? Because you appear to be from a good family."*

*The boy said, "I am from such-and-such a place and such a family."*

*The king said, "For what reason are you sojourning in this country so far from your own?"*

*The boy said, "I have traveled and learned the tricks of women; because my father wanted me to marry, and I did not want to marry without knowing the tricks of women."*

*The king asked, "Have you already learned all the tricks of women?"*

*The boy said, "I have learned them."*

*"Oh, fine," said the king, and he believed that the boy had really learned them.*

*The king went away and said to the queen, "Now you go talk with this boy whom we have put by himself in a room. He has found out all about you women, because he has learned all your tricks, as many as you have."*

*The queen said, "All right, we'll see. You say he has learned them all, but I tell you he has not learned a single one."*

*So the queen made a bet with the king as to which of them was right; and the queen went to the boy. She greeted him, spoke to him, and asked him where he came from. He told her*

*the place. Then the queen asked him why he was traveling in this country. He told her that he had come to learn the tricks of women.*

*The queen said, "Have you learned them all?"*

*He answered, "I have learned them all."*

*"Take care," said the queen, "because you haven't learned any of them yet, much less all."*

*The time came for them to eat. The queen ordered a table sent to the boy with bread, meat, wine and other things, and he started to eat. The queen said to the menservants and maidservants, "None of you are to go into that room, where the boy is alone, because I wish to go there and talk with him a little." The servants obeyed her, and not one of them went there. The queen went to the room, walked in, shut the door, and sat down right next to the boy while he was eating. In a short while she led him on so far that he stopped eating and moved right up close to her to take advantage of her. And she let him come close, until he was ready to touch her. Then the queen cried*

*out and said, "Come now! What are you doing!"*

*As soon as the king's servants heard her, they hurried to the room. When the boy saw them, he was half dead from fright and did not know what to say. Then the king came in a great hurry and said to the queen, "What happened? Why did you cry out?"*

*She said, "While this poor dear boy was eating, a bone stuck in his throat and he nearly died. That's why I shouted. But, thank the Lord, he got the bone out of his throat. Just look at him and see what a bad way he's in."*

*The king came and took the boy and shook him in his seat and said, "What's this that happened? Perhaps you were eating too quickly, and that's why the bone stuck."*

*The boy said, "It wasn't a very big one, but it choked me."*

*The king said, "You stay and eat quietly."*

*The king went away with the others and left the boy alone again with the queen. The queen said to the boy, "Well, you've learned all the tricks, why hadn't you learned this one?"*

*Then she continued and said, "The tricks of women aren't to be learned. You go back home and marry and be like everybody else, because not even the devil has learned the tricks of women."*

*And the queen spoke to the king and told him her story and what had happened to make her shout. So the queen won the bet. Then they sent the boy back home; and he married and did as other people do; and he threw away all that he had written about the tricks of women.*

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# *Chapter One*

# *IN GENERAL*

WOMAN is the most interesting thing under the sun, and the Woman Question is a thousand questions to which nobody has an ultimate answer. This book is a deliberately restricted and selective treatment of an inexhaustible subject. It says only a little about women, but a little, if honestly said, may mean much. It was provoked by aggressive feminists who demand for their sex every conceivable Equality and sometimes expand their claims into a new kind of iniquity. Reflection upon this extreme expression of the Woman Movement led to some general observations, which are here put first, though many of them are the result of a more detailed study of special topics and so form a sort of conclusion. The immediate sequence was to an examination of certain intellectual characteristics of women and thence to a consideration of the basic functions of woman as mother and teacher. Then followed an inquiry into what is both a matter of natural

function, endowment, capacity, and also a matter of education and circumstance—the ethics of women and the relation of women to religion. Finally one arrived at a true beginning, the recorded lives of real women who have adorned and ennobled the race.

This essay is not an attack on women, except on certain kinds of women, egregiously assertive feminists, and women who pay men the doubtful compliment of imitating them, and interfering women who try to run the whole show and reform the male actors. The discerning reader will perceive that the book is addressed to men. It is a slight prod to American men to bestir themselves and not allow the country, especially in its cultural and intellectual aspects, to be enfeebled by feminization. One way to effect this is to cheer the poor boys up by showing them some of the limitations of women. They may be aware of those limitations already, but they do not seem to be acutely conscious of one of their own limitations, which is a lazy willingness to allow women all the advantages, to

concede to women more than a fair share of privilege and authority in addition to obvious and indisputable rights. If a part of the Feminist Movement, elated by a little victory, which nobody begrudges them, is getting out of bounds and running wild, then why not a corresponding and counteracting masculine movement? There is a masculine movement in England. I know nothing about it, except a brief sentence in Bernard Shaw's *The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism:* "In England a married woman is now so well protected from plunder and rapine committed by her husband that a Married Men's Rights agitation has begun." That is more narrow and special than my notion, which contemplates the rights of all men, and more than their rights, their self-respect and masculinity. Such an idea, if realized, would be good for the women, too, who may well despise us at present for our facile acquiescence. We are by way of falling, if we have not already fallen, men and women, into the state suggested by the quotation from

Nietzsche which I have put on the title page.

A possible name for the movement or the idea of my modest proposal is Masculism. That word was coined for me by a brilliant woman, a talented sculptor and poet—lady, I thank thee for that word! In form it analogously matches "feminism." I hope some day to see it in the dictionaries as at least a recognized neologism. The verb would be "masculize." That seems better than the word of Nietzsche's translator, "masculinize," which is as awkwardly formed as would be "femininize" instead of "feminize." Pairing in philological equality with "feminist" we should have "masculist."

The feminization of America has long been noted by foreign critics. I do not care much for the opinions of foreign critics, especially those who after a brief visit to New York and Washington (with a call upon the long-suffering President) write books about a country which extends from Maine to Texas, from the State of Washington to Florida. But sometimes a visitor, if he is a serious student and

not a literary commercial traveler (usually British) who comes to make money by lecturing to women's clubs and advertising his books, may see defects to which we are blind because we live in them. He may even make shrewd criticisms, suggestive and amusing observations, which some other Briton made fifty years ago and which have been superseded and surpassed by the investigations of our increasingly competent corps of detached and disillusioned American critics. It is, however, significant that so many Europeans and also Asiatics note with surprise and disapproval the submergence, the submission, the premature caducity of the American male mind and the increasing domination of the female.

German educators have always insisted that there are in our schools too many women teachers and too few men, and Bertrand Russell finds that fault not only in America but in most countries. As I shall try to show in Chapter V, women are more competent than men to teach young children, for primary education is part of the maternal function. But

it would be well if boys at about the age of ten were taken out of the hands of female teachers and put under the control of men. There is, however, no immediate solution for that difficulty, which is largely economic. In Europe the secondary schoolmaster is not greatly respected or decently paid. And in America, certainly, no man with brains enough to be an insurance agent or a bank teller would take a position less than that of principal or superintendent at the miserable salaries paid in our public schools. Even in colleges and universities the better salaries, added to scholarly interest and missionary zeal, are not enough to attract a sufficient number of fairly competent men. The teaching of the young must always be woman's task, if only because women are cheaper. And cheapness is the major reason for the expansion of women into all kinds of salaried occupations; they are hired not because they are capable but because they cost less than men. That is why so many tired business men employ so many tiresome business women. In how many offices in

which you have an errand that seems important to you do you say (to yourself): "I want to talk to a man!" We may all rejoice in the extension of woman's activities and opportunities, but it does not prove quite all that feminists would like it to prove as to woman's ability. The real proof is in the pay-envelope —and the boss's eating of the pudding. And need one hasten to say that this is not to deny the ability of many women to keep their male fellow-employees on the jump to equal them, whatever the wages?

The positions which yield the higher salaries, the positions of ownership and management, are with few exceptions held by men. In American business, whether it be selling motor cars or buying a seat in the United States Senate, the man is still in control. Woman's well-recognized capacity for minor management (of her own affairs and those of other people), her practical good sense and assiduous attention to details, her talent for orderliness seem to be confined to the household and small undertakings. Larger enterprises,

schemes requiring imagination of a sort, are beyond her grasp. This is not at all regrettable from a masculist point of view nor is it really disparaging to women. What is regrettable is that, outside business and the supreme arts and sciences in which comparatively few individuals are engaged, American men are intellectually effeminate. They will resent that word because its connotation to them is physical not intellectual. They will deny being henpecked, and indeed that old barn-yard image is crude and obsolete. Rather is the American man to be figured with the eagle as his emblem, surrendering to the dove, who has the wisdom of a serpent, his intellectual life, his tastes, all his pursuits except that of "providing" and his private pleasures. He is thus reduced, or in danger of being reduced, to a mere money-earning, money-making, money-stealing robot.

The other interests of life are largely governed by the woman. "The wife" chooses directly or by indirection theaters, pictures, books. The choice is not necessarily bad, for the woman's taste, such as it is, may be better

than the man's; but the choice is predominantly feminine and its influence runs back to the producers of plays, pictures, books. Look at any counter where periodicals are sold. Many of the popular magazines are, by their names, avowedly for women; many others seem to be edited for women—and by women. I know of no thoroughly masculine magazine in America. There might be one, called, not as in the old times *The Gentleman's Magazine*, but *The Man's Magazine*. Any enterprising publisher is welcome to the idea. The women would buy it, and it would be useful to advertisers of motor cars and of male and female fripperies. It would not have any "he-man-red-blood" stories, for they are addressed to women, titillating their desires, and are wearisome to a really masculine intelligence. Similarly the lovely ladies of text and illustration are designed to charm the male. The magazines fairly represent American intellectual life, they contain the kind of stuff of which most published books for the general reader are made, and contemporaneous literature, especially fiction, is immensely important as a

social symptom. Masculinity is so rare that in current reviews "masculine" has become an adjective of approbation. "Thoroughly masculine in style and substance." This sort of praise is bestowed upon books written by trousered operators of the typewriter. It is sometimes better deserved by authors who wear short skirts.

I seem to be abusing men rather than women. My intention is to abuse neither but to try to understand a little of both. Our Albanian fabulist teaches us that woman is a deep enigma which male man cannot solve and before which the Greatest Gentleman in the Universe stands baffled. It was probably man who created the myth of Woman as a Mystery. We all like mysteries and enjoy being mysterious ourselves. When the lover (or the lady, as the case may be) cries: "Ah, darling, you do not understand me," he is not accusing his beloved of lack of perception or of sympathy but is egotistically flattering himself that his is an intricate unfathomable soul. The idea of woman as a creature that passeth understand-

ing is a figment of the masculine imagination based on the unquestionable fact that human nature, male and female, is complex and difficult. Man has amused and worried himself by making the nature of woman even darker and more complicated than God made it. The other view, that Woman as a Mystery is a creation of the woman's guileful fancy, is expressed by Townsend in Cabell's *Cords of Vanity:* "I believe this widespread belief in feminine inscrutability is the result of a conspiracy on the part of the weaker sex; and that every mother is somehow pledged to inculcate this belief into the immature masculine mind. Apparently the practice originated in the Middle Ages, for it never seemed to occur to anybody before that a woman was particularly complex. Though to be sure Catullus . . . or Ariosto, or Coventry Patmore, or King Juba, or Posidonius, or Sir John Vanbrugh, or perhaps, Agothocles of Chios, or else Simonides the Younger, has conceded somewhere, that women are, in certain respects, dissimilar, as it were, to men."

The man who depends for his knowledge of women solely on his own experience can go safely no further than Kipling's: "An' I learned about women from 'er." But in addition to our little private adventures we have a library of books to inform us. Much imaginative literature is concerned with women. If this literature with its many contributing minds does not altogether live up to the promise of the legal formula to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, the reason may be that men wrote most of the books. Until modern times women have published little about themselves and their fellowmen; and when they have written they have usually refrained by intention or by some limiting condition from a very patent revelation of themselves. There are many books devoted to women in a critical, expository manner. In the books that I have read there is much light but not so much as I hoped to find.* Modern

* The New York Public Library and The Boston Public Library have issued special lists of books relating to women. I have not even begun to finger through the cards.

analytical biographies are the most illuminating. Psychologists, biologists, and doctors of medicine are instructive, though the psychologists are often puzzle-headed and add obscurities to what is already obscure. The many "sex" books deal with both men and women, but more with women than with men, since women are "the sex." Some of these books dissect woman into fragments which cannot be put together again into the semblance of even a lifeless corpse. Others are little more than grinning lubricity under a transparent mask of pseudo-science. The psychoanalyists have created not only a new science and a new lingo but a new myth. Havelock Ellis with his incredibly extensive reading has summarized much of the world's wisdom about women and has added his own wisdom. A brilliant book is Remy de Gourmont's *Physique de l'Amour,* but that is limited, as its precise title indicates. Stendhal's *Essai sur l'Amour,* published a hundred years ago and several times revised and republished as it emerged from neglect to well-merited fame (there is

an English translation), is a pioneer work which later books have not rendered obsolete.

Serious studies of women are published faster than any amateur, even than the omnivorous and learned Ellis, can read them. A list of the comparatively few that I have looked at would almost fill and, I think, obstruct this page. Many modern novels have bright streaks of insight, even when they are over-sexed and corrupted (intellectually, *not* morally) rather than vivified by psychoanalysis. Fiction as a whole, ancient and modern, poetry and prose, is our great source of information about women and all humanity. Poets and novelists with their magical vision penetrate through and beyond physiological and psychological facts and conjectures. I suspect that Thomas Hardy knew more about women, he certainly said what he knew in better language, than Professor Doktor Meerrettich, author of *Einleitung in die Psychologie des Weibes* (or some such title; I have only the Hungarian translation).

But we need not concern ourselves with the

question of which writer or which kind of writer knows most, for we have them all, more than we can read. And after we have read much, what have we found? One thing certainly: that masculine estimates of women extend from rapturous woman-worship to outrageous abuse. Epigrams, wise or smart sayings, inclusive sweeping statements can be arrayed against each other in deadly un-parallel columns and merely confirm Voltaire's *mot* (if it was Voltaire's) that every generality is untrue, including this one. In the left column will be all the nasty slurs from the Latin satirists to the eighteenth century and later, and in the right will be ecstatic lines from poems of love. Without the complete sentences one can easily draw up a list of antonyms and antithetical adjectives which have all been applied to women, severally and generally: earthy, divine; fickle, steadfast; wanton, chaste; timid, courageous; treacherous, loyal; capricious, resolute; vanity, modesty; pride, humility; impatience, patience; cruelty, kindness; virago, saint; secretive, frank—and so on through an

endless string of human attributes. It can all be summed up in Pope's line (not one of his meanest): "Woman's at best a contradiction still."

In literature, both that which examines life realistically and that which is a romantic escape from life, the lady has fared very well on the whole. Her second creator (in books) has hated her but loved her more. Short abusive sayings are more memorable because of their sharpness, their swift satiric sting, but they are overwhelmed in quantity, and of course in beauty, by the literature of adoration. She appears as witch, she-devil, hag, shrew, adventuress, temptress, but she is more often extolled for lovely qualities; even her weaknesses are made charming. The saints outnumber the sinners, in spite of the fact that sinners, male and female, are more interesting than saints. And since story cannot tolerate dullness, or at least seeks to escape it, the worst, most prevalent vices of all humanity, flatness, stupidity, monotonous lack of interest, are not delineated at all, or, if they are delineated they

must be raised by satire or good-natured fooling into comic qualities. The fool, the clown, the bore, the perfect ass is usually a male figure. Since man has auctorial command of life and its records, the heroine is exalted; she is almost as important as the hero, for all man's swaggering and domineering ways. Her elevation is not solely on account of her beauty, her desirability. In the Homeric legend the pulchritudinous and unfaithful Helen is a name, a phantom, an invisible hearsay motive; we never see the face that launched a thousand ships and are so little aware of its presence that it might well have been hiding in Egypt, as one version says it was. The faithful and also beautiful Penelope is a warmer, more vivid person. These women, like all mythical figures, represent some actual state of society which conceived the ideal of them or at least believed in them. Later we shall touch on the Greek idea of woman in the Golden Age and also on the treatment of women in the Bible. It is to be noted here that, though the Bible is hard on women, the Jews had their heroines.

Rebekah, Deborah, Ruth, Esther, and the mothers in Israel are celebrated with splendid eloquence. In the Middle Ages the chivalric worship of women and loyalty to an exacting code of honor were accompanied by tyranny and brutality in life and by ribaldry in literature. In the old French fabliaux, says Henry Osborn Taylor (*The Mediæval Mind*), "the women were reviled as coarsely as in monkish writings; but a Rabelaisian quality takes the place of doctrinal prurience." Yet Chaucer, who makes use of these fabliaux and whose spirit is medieval, though the Renaissance had begun in his time, calls his poem *The Legend of Good Women,* good not "fair." Fortunately there was no Mrs. Grundy to tell him that his most charming heroine, Cleopatra, was not "good." It may be that Chaucer was laughing and that by good he meant good for one purpose.

The view of women held in the Renaissance is fairly well represented by the female characters of Shakespeare. These heroines are often regarded by modern readers as if each were a

subtle creation to be made more subtle by the murky elucidations of scholars and critics. Most of Shakespeare's heroines have no distinctive character. The girls of his comedies, Portia, Viola, Rosalind, are witty delightful minxes, whom the supreme word-wizard has provided with beautiful phrases befitting their beautiful lips and with ideas (as in the case of Portia) perhaps a bit beyond the comprehension of their pretty heads—that is part of the comedy. After their bright amatory adventures their marital conclusions are rounded off in a conventional perfunctory manner. Of the women in the more serious comedies three stand out as living individuals, Isabella in *Measure for Measure,* Helena in *All's Well That Ends Well,* and Imogen in *Cymbeline.* Yet the characterization of these women is elementary and obvious, the embodiment of a few primary virtues, chastity, fortitude, fidelity, the great gift of loyalty bestowed upon men unworthy of it. Two of Shakespeare's tragic women are endlessly interesting to the modern mind, Hamlet's mother and Lady

Macbeth. The scene between Hamlet and his mother is the very center of the play, the blood of Hamlet's heart, his essential motive. If the action permitted it, one would like to see more of that extraordinary woman torn between love for the king and love for her son. The situation has what we are pleased to call a modern interest. I doubt if the Freudian interpretation explains much, but it is noteworthy that this new key engages in the wards of a lock fashioned three centuries ago at the magician's forge.

Lady Macbeth, the supreme figure in Shakespeare's gallery of women, expresses one conception of woman's character that is still current. She is instigator of the crime, more than accessory before the fact, and her sin and her dominant will are regarded as unwomanly; she must be "unsexed," evilly masculized. Though woman may be becomingly wicked in a hundred ways and though murderous ladies are numerous from days before Salome to this morning's newspaper, we still feel that murder is man's business and are more entertainingly

shocked by a murder committed by a woman than by one committed by a man. Though Lady Macbeth plans the evil deed, it would not have been tolerable to represent her as doing it; the death blow must be struck by the hand of Macbeth.

Restoration drama, at once artificially romantic and cynically real, no doubt represents the attitude of the age toward women and the actual manners and morals of men and women. Chivalry and poetry have disappeared and are succeeded by a hard glittering contempt for all worthy motives and emotions. It is double acting, for the characters are actors in life, much more stagey than Elizabethan comedy or society drama of our time. The attitude of exquisite cynicism lasted into the eighteenth century. In this period of verbal refinement the debasement of women touched its nadir in literature, and it is the more deadly because of its nicety of phrase, which is far nastier than the robust brutalities of the Middle Ages. Nothing could be more malignantly vicious than the second epistle of Pope's *Moral Essays,*

"On the Characters of Women." "Most women have no characters at all." "But every woman is at heart a rake." Pope and his immediate predecessors and contemporaries, assuming a high moral tone (with their tongues in their cheeks), took infidelity for granted, and their lines had to be witty to keep the subject from being commonplace—as indeed it was in their lives and writings and is now.

At the same time there was growing up something better than drama and rimed satire, the modern novel, which is our most instructive and entertaining source of information about women and men. The beginnings are found in Addison and Defoe and earlier writers, English and Continental, but if ever one man invented anything, that incredible middle-class printer, Richardson, invented the novel of character. In him and in most fiction of which he is father and grandfather the dominantly important character is that of woman. Henceforth the woman became the core of the story with an intense centrality of interest which she had not held in the heroic legends or

in the old chivalric love romances. It was the fifty-year-old master of paper and types who made her the heart of the tale and her heart its midmost center. In *Clarissa; or, the History of a Young Lady,* tedious, prolix, clumsy, with a thin conventional plot, the pursuit of innocence by lecherous villainy, the soul of a woman was revealed as that of no woman had been revealed before in fiction (which is not to forget a woman of another kind, Moll Flanders). After the first volumes of *Clarissa* appeared, the fate of the heroine became almost a public question. Correspondents begged Richardson to save her. But in spite of the fact that an appeal to a magistrate or a better run of luck would have made some of her mole-hills less mountainous, the honest old author carried her to her death with obdurate finality. The story took possession of readers on the Continent as nothing English had captured Europe before and as nothing was to capture it again until Scott and Byron.

Readers of the multitudinous modern novel can easily remind themselves of many tales,

the course of which is shaped by the action and character of the woman, of the many more in which the woman plays an equal part with the man, and of the many more in which she is subordinate but indispensable. The novel of adventure is the only kind in which she can be ignored, and even there she has a place in these days of Amazonian athletes. Thackeray may write a novel "without a hero." But a novel without a heroine would be but half a book at best. In what a diversity of forms and phases and aspects the woman is portrayed by novelists of both sexes! She is Eugénie Grandet and Jeanie Deans and Maggie Tulliver and Becky Sharp and Beatrix Esmond and Laura Pendennis and Hester Prynne and Clara Middleton and Peg Woffington and Mrs. Proudie and Tess and Jane Eyre—a populous gallery. The Portrait of a Lady has been painted by naturalists, realists, romanticists, externalists, internalists, sentimentalists, cynics, pseudopsychoanalists. And the joyous and difficult business of delineating her goes merrily on.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety.

And echo dares not send back the mocking rime: Satiety.

Literature and one's intimate acquaintance with a few women are supplemented as sources of information by conversations with men and women and by letters from women one has never seen. After two or three of the chapters in this book had been published in *Harper's Magazine* and *Jewish Daily Forward*, I received many letters, mostly from women, some intelligent, some stupid, some amusing, some abusive, some challenging, some approving. From these letters I learned much. I thought I learned, though the evidence may be insufficient, that the Woman Movement is still in great confusion of mind, that many women are perplexed and troubled about the status of their sex and of themselves, that women with their new power and opportunity are as badly disoriented as ever. I found that to assert that woman has insuperable limitations, natural inferiorities, was to bring down on one's head an

avalanche of retorts, relevant or not, to be accused of old-fogeyism, misogeny, to be charged with the heinous crime of being a mere man, to be suspected of disappointment in love, or to be slain with some derisive jibe as impertinent though not so witty as Max Beerbohm's description of the suffragette parade as the "army of the unenjoyed." To be sure, this book is written by a mere man. Every book must be written from the point of view of a man or a woman, since very few children and acknowledged hermaphrodites write for publication. And however little a book may have of original discovery, however much it borrows from the ideas of others, it must be, for better or for worse, personal, individual, circumscribed by the sex and character of the writer. Yet I may say that much of my information and corroboration of my opinions come from women, their talk and their published and unpublished writings. Some of the ideas expressed in this book I have discussed with women of various social grades and ages, staid matrons, flappers, cocktail-drinking rad-

icals, school-teachers, working-women, idlers, home-bodies, ladies of the world. Most of them on the whole seemed to agree with me and some were eager to pour oil on my troubled typewriter. This attitude cannot be wholly accounted for as female flattery of the male who is parading a pet idea. Our sisters seem not to rate each other as highly as we rate them. There is an intrasexual antagonism among women more dentally and ungually feline than the animosity between the sexes. And the motive is not simply jealousy and envy, it is a judgment founded on experience.

No catty snip of a female but a lovely, wise, "emancipated" woman, a musician and teacher, after talking to me about her girl pupils and her older contemporaries, concluded with the hopeless generality, "Oh, women are a mess!" They may be. They certainly are in the sense that all human life is a bewildering tangle. Yet let a man who says anything like that in print be prepared for what he will get. He will be set down forthwith as a woman-hater. He may have believed in equal

suffrage for years and cheered the ladies on to victory, but if he hints that women have accomplished nothing important in politics and by present signs seem likely to accomplish little in the future, he is assumed to be opposed to votes for women. If he says, as a matter of history, that women have achieved little in the arts and sciences, except literature, he is accused of wishing to limit the activities of women, and he is floored with the unanswerable argument that there is no end to what women may do when they are free and have increasing opportunity to apply their minds to great thoughts. If he thinks, in relation to women or anything else, that the new world is in many ways not different from the old and that some pretended advances are upon side roads leading into deep dark woods, he must be prepared to be slain by the annihilating epithet, "medieval," a general term of opprobrium used by those who have not even superficially studied history. It is possible to acknowledge enthusiastically, as I shall do immediately in the next chapter, the gains, prog-

resses, emancipations of women, along with the rest of mankind, and yet not go all the way beyond the horizon with the more furious feminists.

I repeat that I am not against women, but against some of their foolish notions about themselves (for which men are at least negatively responsible), and against the wrong kind of thing women are trying to make of themselves, and especially against the feeble flabby-minded fellows that men are permitting the women to make of them. Since the beginning of recorded history women have made fools of men, and they have done this, not with wonderful cunning but easily, because the major part of the work has been already done by the gods. The New Woman seems to have brought in a new kind of folly. The best of the feminist ambition and achievement deserves respect, and it is pleasant to find that some men with no sacrifice of intellectual virility are better feminists than some women. The old-fashioned homage still holds the heart of man and with certain desirable improve-

ments seems fairly adequate to an understanding of the past and to a tolerant criticism of what the future may unfold. Sainte-Beuve places as the motto to his *Portraits de Femmes* this delightful dialogue:

*Avez vous donc été femme, monsieur, pour prétendre ainsi nous connaître?*

*Non, madame; je ne suis pas le divin Tirésias; je ne suis qu'un humble mortel qui vous a beaucoup aimées.*

# *Chapter Two*

# *THE DELUSION OF EQUALITY*

MODERN women have won, by their own efforts and by reason of the general slow advancement of the world, many victories which every intelligent person must concede and ought to applaud. There was a time, a long, long time, when even in the most progressive countries, though a woman might presume to call her soul her own, she certainly could not call her property her own. And the husband had absolute proprietary rights over the children. In Italy as late as 1917 a woman had no free and clear title to houses, lands, stocks and bonds; to sell real estate or securities she had to make the transfer through her husband, father, brother, or other male representative. I do not know how it is in the reign of Il Duce Mussolini, who is avowedly opposed to the participation of women in politics. In England and in most of the United States the rights of husband and wife in each other's property are about equal.

The tendency of legislation seems to be toward complete independence of ownership for both husband and wife, probably to the increasing benefit of women. This may account for the Married Men's Rights movement in England.

The legal status of women throughout the world has not been thoroughly studied, so far as I can discover by consulting friends who belong to the tribe of what Rabelais calls "furred law cats"; lawyers know how to act under the statutes that immediately concern them and their clients, but pursue their inquiries no further than their practice demands. Books on theories of property rapidly become obsolete in a changing world. The whole subject of laws especially relating to women might be fruitfully studied by the new sisterhood of barristers, with the assistance, perhaps, of male members of the bar. At present, proposed changes in the law, for the benefit of women (and of men), are piecemeal and based on fragmentary knowledge of conditions present and past.

The past was in many ways dreadful, and we have reason to rejoice that some ancient abuses to which women were subjected have been completely corrected or at least mitigated. The worst of them have been enumerated by Ellen Key, the Swedish feminist:

The double standard of morals as affecting divorce, the woman having no way to free herself from the errant man, the man being able to put away the sinning wife.

The right of the man to collect the wife's wages from her employer.

The control of the schools by men and the ineligibility of women to serve on boards of education.

The disbarring of women from the higher education and the learned professions and arts, and also from the better-paid salaried positions and independent business enterprises.

The special obedience and subservience of women to ecclesiastical authority.

The strict interpretation of the vow of obedience to the husband.

The belittlement of the single woman.

Marriage as the only means of livelihood for the woman without property; enforced married or unmarried prostitution.

The practical necessity of lying and cajoling to win consideration and comfort.

The slavery of unregulated child-bearing, and bondage to housework, partly due to lack of modern conveniences.

The uncritical acceptance of the superior wisdom of man.

The taboo upon wholesome exercises and athletics as "unladylike."

The absolute authority of the father in selecting a husband for his daughter.

The strict surveillance of courtship and lack of opportunity for young women to try out acquaintanceships, learn something about the characters of their lovers, and follow their hearts.

The premium placed upon frivolity and weakness instead of on serious thinking and strength of mind and body.

Prescribed ignorance of the things a young woman most vitally needs to know.

The taken-for-granted position of the daughter, as well as the wife, as a household servant.

The unquestioned right of the man to indulge in physical abuse of wife, daughter, and for that matter, of the son too.

The ruthless outlawing and persecution of the unmarried mother (in which as often as not the older women were as cruel as the men).

Complete misunderstanding of the nervous system and emotional life of women, due largely to the backwardness of physiology, psychology, and medical science.

Rule-of-thumb mode and code of life with no consideration for the woman as an individual, a person, a special case—a lumping codification that restricted men as well as women.

The misapplication, misdirection, and general squelching of woman's natural abilities and capacities for self-expression and service.

The assumption that the sexual relation was primarily intended for the gratification of men.

The conversion of woman's passion and re-

bellious desire for more freedom into ingrowing hatred and meanness of spirit.

The aggravation of sex antagonism and the discouragement of sex coöperation and mutual support and fulfillment.

The subordination of maternal authority to paternal, with a resulting depression of woman's wisdom and power to rear her children and a consequent maleducation of the succeeding generation.

The wearing out of a woman's body before the fullest possible development of her intellectual life.

And more items of the same debasing kind. Truly a formidable list of crimes against nature and civilization. No matter what the virtues of the "good old times" may have been, nobody, not the most stupid conservative and praiser of the past, will wish to return to these outrageous conditions (some of which in a measure still prevail), conditions which inspired John Stuart Mill's magnificent essay on *The Subjection of Women*, and a vast literature, expository, argumentative, and artistic,

of revolt against hoary tyrannies. It is to be remarked, by the way, that the greatest expressions of Feminism, the most eloquent and effective pleas for emancipation of women, have come not only from women but from men.

Much of the earlier feminist literature is dead and much anti-feminist literature is still deader, because many of the issues once burning and unsettled have been settled. Equal suffrage is an old story in many nations; in some of them it is a *fait accompli,* and arguments against it, even so honest and able a book as Almroth Wright's *The Unexpurgated Case Against Woman Suffrage,* are practically obsolete. When the clamor of women for votes, a clamor increased by the voices of many men, began to swell in irresistible volume, some of the arguments for and against their demands were a maudlin riot of ignorance, unreason, and misrepresentation. Opponents of woman suffrage contended that woman has a weaker intellect than man, is not instructed in public affairs, is not logical but is swayed by her emotions, has no moral contribution to make to

politics. Well, what of it? Some of us believe (as I shall try to show in Chapters III and VI) that woman is intellectually and even morally weaker than man, and that the enfranchisement of women in America has resulted chiefly in an increase in the number of voters and of place-seekers; that the addition of some millions of Republicans and some millions of Democrats and a few Socialists does not affect essential politics, does not offer anything of important novelty to political management, to legislation, to statecraft. But all that is no argument against woman suffrage. Neither is woman's ability an argument for it. The vote is a right, not a privilege. It is not even a matter of capability; if it were, many, perhaps most men would be disqualified. Millions of male voters are ignorant, indifferent to political and economic issues, incapable of reading and understanding a clear statement of fact or a sound argument. Just hear the men applaud with wild bellowing the bogus oratory of a politician whose election will not do them or the public the slightest good. Even if

women were all fools who did not know the difference between the Democratic Party and the Republican Party (there is not much difference), they would have a right to such feeble voice as an ordinary voter may have in the government under which they must live and to which they contribute with their labor and their money. The argument for political equality, for democracy so far as it is a matter of votes, must be founded on a complete disregard of differences of sex, of property, even of intelligence. Capacity and intelligence are important, but to question how much women have is quite a different thing from denying them the opportunity, in politics or any other activity, to use what they have. This seems an almost banal truism. Yet it was turned in its converse form as an argument for woman suffrage. Some women maintained that women should vote because their sex as a whole was equal in capacity, and the same kinds of capacity, to the male sex. And the winning of the vote seems to have confirmed the more zealous feminists in a position which is unten-

able, fallacious, and really irrelevant. Miss Alice Paul, an officer of the National Woman's Party and one of the valiant women who commanded in the final successful battle for the vote, was quoted as saying:

"The Woman's Party has continued to emphasize that it opposes protective laws for women, such as minimum wage laws, believing that such measures presuppose an inferiority that the party does not acknowledge exists."

That is certainly good sportsmanship, a willingness to play fair or even against odds, and so far it is admirable. But it is based on a fallacy, a delusion of equality. The inferiority does exist. Women do need special protection in matters of wages and hours of labor, precisely because male employers take advantage of the cheapness, the economic weakness and dependence of women—and of children. Women are handicapped by the maternal function and by periodic illnesses associated with that function. All workers need whatever protection, whatever advantage, they can secure by organization on the economic field

supported by such legislation as they can persuade or compel political authority to enact and enforce. Men and women workers must stand together to get what they can. But the men, who unfortunately do not always take the women with them as partners and fellow-workers, have a better chance, more strength singly and in union, than women have to fend for themselves with or without the aid of political action. It seems strange that any association of women should renounce a possible economic gain for a mistaken theory of equality. Other women take a different view. The National League of Women Voters recognizes not the inferiority but the special needs, the physiological burden of women, and demands "the extension of the period of operation of the Maternity and Infancy act with adequate appropriation." That demand, at the time when this is written, is still far from being adequately answered.

The inferiority *does* exist. The comparative weakness does exist. The special function with the temporary impediment to other ac-

tivities does exist, actually or potentially. When women pretend to a kind and degree of power which they do not possess, though they have a kind and degree of power, patience, endurance, fortitude all their own, they drive one back to the stupid old masculine slander that women cannot think straight.

Woman is her own worst enemy. That is, some women are. One hardly knows which is worse, the stand of women of reputed intellect, like Mrs. Humphry Ward, against the political progress of their sisters, or the insolent and unwarranted pretension of women to do everything that a man can do—and a little more. The only things that a woman can do that a man cannot do are sing soprano (some freak males can do that), keep a smooth face without shaving (some women cannot do that), and bear children (some women cannot or will not do that).

The extreme feminist who in her new-found partial freedom lets her enthusiasm play ducks and drakes with facts is doing the sororal world no good; she is harming the "cause" of women

and the cause of men and the more important dependent cause of children. She is at best ridiculous and at worst a thorn in the flesh of conservatism that makes it not yield but balk. Woman is her own worst enemy. That is, some women. And man is her best friend. If he is not her hope and salvation, he is an indispensable ally. If she irritates him, she may get a fearful setback. And some of her false starts indicate that about now the doctor prescribes not a setback but a period of rest and reconsideration. The shrill, febrile, scatter-brained waste of voice and energy is getting to be a pesky nuisance damaging to lucidity of thought and rational planning. Unfortunately, in the woman movement, as in all other movements, it is too often the flushed and clamant advocate that gets a hearing, and the little docile women trot, trot, trot in multitudes after leaders who are running amuck. The case of Feminism is especially confused and complicated. For some of the most prominent feminists are shrews who have it in for the men more malignantly than Mrs. Poyser,

the creation of a great and wise woman, George Eliot. Other more comely women are quite unconsciously morbid, expending their sexual energy in a crusade that leads to no Holy Land but leads away from the land of heart's desire. There is some serious truth in Beerbohm's smart-aleck joke. But this is not a matter for jest. I quote from Dr. H. W. Frink's *Morbid Fears and Compulsions:*

A certain proportion of at least the most militant suffragists are neurotics who in some instances are compensating for masochistic trends, in others are more or less successfully sublimating sadistic and homosexual ones (which usually are unconscious). I hope this statement may not be construed as an effort on my part to throw mud on woman suffrage, for on the whole I am very much in favor of it. As a matter of fact it is nothing to the discredit of any movement to say that perhaps many of its conspicuous supporters are neurotics, for as a matter of fact it is the neurotics that are pioneers in most reforms. The very normal people who have no trouble in adjusting themselves to their environment, are as a rule too sleek in their own contentment to fight hard

for any radical changes or even to take much interest in seeking to have such changes made. To lead and carry through successfully some new movement or reform, a person needs the stimulus of chronic discontent (at least it often seems so) and this in a certain number of instances is surely of neurotic origin and signifies an imperfect adaptation of that individual to his environment.

Thus according to the new and still groping science of psychopathy and psychoanalysis, the most brilliant, aggressive, *enragée* woman leader may be unconscious not of what she is doing but of why she is doing it. And the better-balanced and wiser woman, Ellen Key or Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, often makes her fanatic sisters impatient. The temperate self-controlled woman, though she may be passionately devoted to the improvement and progress of her sex, refuses to take part in a violent warfare on male man and mankind generally.

But the violent woman too often prevails—for the moment—and it is she who needs curbing, who should be spanked and put to bed. She is the trouble maker. She has often mani-

fested herself as a rabid temperance crank (abetted by old women in trousers). Her motive in depriving men of liquor, and even of tobacco, seems to her righteous and noble, and she is apparently on the side of hygiene and sanity. But unconsciously she is impelled by the desire to spoil a man's pleasure, whether it be evil or innocent. The case is parallel to Macaulay's explanation of the Puritan's objection to bear-baiting, not because it hurt the bear but because it gave pleasure to the populace. In her zeal to break up the other fellow's game she (with her emasculated or "Puritanic" brother) is utterly unscrupulous in her methods and her juggling with truth. Though she lies outrageously she is sure that Heaven and all the angels are behind her. I once knew a woman who tried to force through a most unreasonable and vicious proposition. She was sure that God was with her. Mark Twain happened to be against her and he remarked in his even, deadly accurate style, "These women make me darned tired who try to take God in as a silent partner without his consent." I am

not sure that he did not say "people" instead of "women," for this kind of sincerely dishonest aberration is not the exclusive sin of one sex. But it is a vice to which women seem to be greatly addicted, partly because they are not restrained and men permit them an abuse of liberty and privilege which they would not tolerate in other men.

A typical example was the appearance of a crowd of women at a hearing in Washington in April, 1926, before a committee of the Senate sitting to hear testimony on the wet-dry controversy. The ladies, headed by Mrs. Henry W. Peabody of Boston, had, as the New York *World* put it, "few exact figures but were loaded with generalities." Mrs. Peabody said, "These women who appear here to-day represent from 12,000,000 to 18,000,000 in the Protestant churches of America. . . . We represent the homes and schools of America."

The lady had not a single document to prove how many people she and her companions represented, and her sweeping inclusion of all the

homes and schools in America is capable of immediate disproof. Senator Reed of Missouri questioned her rather sharply, but nobody flatly disputed her, because a white-haired lady still enjoys the immunity from attack which is accorded by old-fashioned courtesy and chivalry, a chivalry, largely lip-service and hypocrisy, but in part sincere gallantry which women are doing their best to destroy.

The woman as kill-joy, as snooping, sneaking, malicious trouble maker, or innocently unconscious sadist enjoying the discomfort of others, is as old as the human race. But woman's new freedom and extended range of activities seem to give her more ample opportunities for mischief. She can make a wide public display of her will to interfere, which used to be confined to home and father. A neighbor of mine on a New England farm defined this trait or tendency of the female, that is, of some females, "There's lots o' women who if they can't find enough trouble lyin' round the house go out in the back yard and dig up some." Woman's back yard now is the whole

world. It was the same shrewd Yankee who, having sized up his wife, was confronted with the problem of a younger woman, his daughter, who had all the ways and manners of the town flapper. In these days of movies, magazines, and Ford cars, the village girl is no longer isolated from the corruptions, sophistications, and up-to-date-ness of the city. "That gal of mine," he said, "is doggone smart, but she ain't got brains enough to carry it."

This brings us to the real brow-furrowing problem—the younger generation. We are passing, or past. What is the new woman doing with the new girl who is to become the newer woman? Not one single essential thing which grandmother did not do at least as well for mother, which great-grandmother did not do at least as well for grandmother. True, daughter has a much better chance than her foremothers to become a stenographer and marry her employer if she is good looking. If she is unbeautiful she can be fairly sure of supporting herself. And comely or not, she can bid the men go hang with more assurance than

the elder women felt, or she can make use of men for her own purposes more boldly and frankly than was customary in times past. She has a slightly protective superficial information which her foremothers did not possess or did not dare confess or discuss.

But what vital thing is her mother doing for her? What new courageous, expansive outlook is opening before her? What step is she to take ahead of her mother which shall make the newer woman better and happier than the old? None that is discernible to the naked eye of the present. The new freedom means simply a breaking down of old discipline without any adequate compensating extension of vital experience or growth of mind. The new mother is falling down badly on her job. And that job, if the race is merely to endure, not to speak of improvement, development, progress —that job is in the home, in the household, bearing and bringing up children intelligently. That is the job for most women, though it is perfectly proper for some women, especially

the less attractive ones, to go their solitary ways.

It used to enrage the extreme feminists to be told that a woman's "sphere" is the home, and they heard that dictum parroted so many times that it is no wonder they resented it. Nevertheless, it is true. In chasing after the paper ballot women have neglected the paper that records the household accounts. That is, some women have. While listening to Professor Quackenbosh's lecture before the Women's Club on Recent Developments in the Pedagogical Psychology of Infantile Neuropathic Abnormality women have forgotten that the school begins at home and that a large part of their job is to make themselves expert elementary teachers. That is, some women have forgotten. In fighting for a mythical equality with men, women have lost a decisive battle, the gentle, subtle conquest of children, a conquest which has for the spoils of war an attainable and priceless equality, equality with the children themselves. Some women have become expert in argument on the platform

and have failed to cultivate the art of persuasion in the nursery. Some idle women have become champions at bridge whist while Willie played solitaire. Some women have been delegates to the convention of the International Women's Christian League for the Prohibition of Baseball on Sunday or the Unity Alliance of Christian Women for the Abolition of Cigarettes, while they delegated to nurses, dry or wet, the delightful, instructive task of caring for their children. "Oh, nurse," cried Reginald, "who is that beautiful lady?" "Darling," said the beautiful lady, on a flying visit home, "I am your mother." While dabbling in fine arts, or even honestly working at them, some women have allowed domestic arts and science to become, so far as their knowledge goes, lost arts. Much American home cooking is an unsavory assault on the digestive system. The face of ignorance is saved only by manufactured foods and fool-proof appliances, mostly devised by men. And by the way, since we may as well rub it in hard, a man cook can beat a woman cook hands down in the in-

vention and preparation of palatable dishes. The chef is superior even to the excellent women who conduct the culinary departments of magazines.

The suffragettes had a slogan: "Come out of the kitchen," the commendable purpose of which was to rescue women from the killing drudgery of pots and pans. One of the slogans of the Association for the Promotion of Masculism shall be: "Go back to the kitchen quick, but to a kitchen properly equipped."

But, ah, the free, foot-loose soulful woman will live her own life and devote herself to art and literature, to psychology, so that she may converse glibly of "inhibitions" and "complexes" and the interpretation of dreams, without dreaming just what her own complex really is. She must lead her own life. Very well, leave her lead. But let her face the fact that women in the arts and sciences are second-rate. As one very successful woman novelist said to me, "When I read what men write, I don't see how we have the cheek to try." And

yet literature is the one art in which women have done a few supreme things.

In music woman is often a fine performer, for example Madame Careño, and Maud Powell, and the great women of the stage, operatic and "loquent," are the equals of the great men. Indeed it is possible that there are more good actresses than good actors, since beauty is half the show, and women are naturally and habitually players of parts, histrionic assumers of rôles, makers of gesture for effect. There has never been a woman composer of first rank, seldom one of second. Creative impulse is often present, but the creative power, the lofty and broad imagination, is lacking. It is idle to plead that in this art woman has not had a chance. Woman has always been encouraged to study and practice music because the male brute liked to hear her play and sing and see her dance.

There is no great woman sculptor or painter. We hear about Angelica Kauffmann, Marie Vigée-Lebrun, Rosa Bonheur, Mary Cassatt, Cecilia Beaux, and Malvina Hoffman because

of their positive merits and also because there are few women so talented. The museums and studios for a century have been full of girls. Some of them have done good work, and many women are making their living by competent painting and illustrating. But there is no emergent genius. There have been fine lyric poets from Sappho to Christina Rossetti—I dare not mention living poetesses. But no woman has written a sustained epic or drama of great merit. In scholarship, at least in the absorbent, acquisitive school and university stage, women by diligent application have sometimes rivaled men and run off with the prizes. But it is so unusual that when a woman takes a "first" it gets in the papers. It is news, as when a man bites a dog. But only biographers take the trouble to remember that Peel, Halifax, Gladstone, and others took double-firsts.

No woman has made a crucial discovery in science. Madame Curie, to whom all honor and homage, was educated by Monsieur Curie. Dr. Alice Hamilton, Professor in the Harvard

Medical School, is eminent in industrial medicine and bacteriology. Florence Nightingale and Clara Barton did lay the foundation of modern scientific nursing, and in that noble profession woman is at her best, for it is essentially maternal. All the surgical methods, appliances, antiseptics, anesthetics are the discoveries and creations of men.

Ellen Key, who may be depended on to make out the best possible case for the achievements of women, says, "Many women are active in the sphere of invention, without a single woman's name having been thus far connected with an *epoch-making* invention. Especially where constructive ability is necessary, women have as yet not been eminent; they have created neither a philosophic system nor a new religion, neither a great musical work nor a monumental building, neither a classic drama nor an epic."

In religion women have been great created and worshiped figures, if not creators. Among the saints and martyrs is none greater than Catherine, Theresa, and Joan of Arc. In

Catholic churches and homes more prayers are addressed to the Virgin Mary than to God Himself. In other religions and mythologies the mother is the symbol of life, the very earth is a vast fertile benevolent womb from which we come and to which we return to be reborn. But the master of the universe is He, Zeus, Jove, Jehovah, Allah.

The one art in which woman is most fully mistress of herself and of life is literature, especially memoirs, friendly letters, prose fiction. Fiction consists primarily of the study of human character in love relations and the family life, which woman has abundant opportunity to observe, and of command of the prose of daily life, which she possesses in pure form. She is not critic, not philosopher, but she has the gift of humorous and emotional story-telling. Every country has had distinguished women novelists. But women have still to give us many portraits of women which *they themselves* find as true, as profoundly analyzed, as beautifully drawn as the women of Meredith and Hardy, of Balzac and Flaubert,

of Tolstoy and Tourgenev and Dostoyevsky.

Sappho is reputed to have been beautiful, and we have known women who made verses and pictures only less pretty than themselves. But there is truth in Ambrose Bierce's epigram: "Women of genius commonly have masculine faces, figures, and manners. In transplanting brains to alien soil God leaves a little of the original earth clinging to the roots."

Let us be done forever with this nonsense about the equality of the sexes. They are not equal in nature and never can be. If the woman argues—and it is proverbially useless to argue with her—that she wants a chance to show what she can do, the answer is, Certainly, madame, all the chance in the world, for you, and for the man and for the child, opportunity for everybody to cultivate the best that is in him or her for the good of the individual, for the good of the race. But in heaven's name let not woman hope to compete with man, for the more chance she has, the freer the world grows, the more chance man will have, and he will always keep slightly ahead of her.

It is good for the world that individuals and the sexes cultivate divergent yet complementary aptitudes and do not all try to do the same thing. Ellen Key notes two ideals, two directions of the woman movement, the second of which she approves: "The older program reads, 'Full equality of woman with man.' In the 'state of the future' both sexes shall have the same duty of work and the same protection of work, while the children are reared in state institutions. The movement in the other direction purposes to win back the wife to the husband, the mother to the children, and, thereby, the home to all."

Professor William James, who derived much of his philosophy from a direct study of common life, used to quote with amusement the wise saying of an old farmer: "There's mighty little difference between one man and another, but what little difference there is is mighty important." So it is with the sexes. Men and women are much alike, perhaps too much alike, both belonging to that curious species of animal, the Human Being. They have about

the same faults and virtues in varying degrees. But the variations are important and may constitute a permanent inequality between the sexes. One variation, obvious but not to be precisely measured, is in the way of thinking, the habit of mind, the intellectual function.

# *Chapter Three*

# *LOGIC AND THE LADIES*

IN the days when woman suffrage was still an unsettled question a walking fossil in my town, local Republican boss and J.P., said to me, "Women ain't fit to vote because they ain't logical."

Being younger than I am now and a belligerent believer in the right of all adult citizens, not criminal or insane, to vote, I began to argue with him. "What do you mean by logical?"

"Well, I can't exactly define it, but it means reasonable, able to think straight."

"Do men vote according to logic or reason?" (Method of the Socratic question.)

"I dunno's they do, most of 'em."

"Why are you a Republican?"

"Always have been, and my father before me. He voted for Lincoln."

"Is that logical?"

"There's one blame sure thing (with some

heat), I don't want those scalawags of Democrats to get in!"

"But, Judge, don't you know that we don't vote or do anything else according to logic and reason, but according to how we feel and how we were brought up?"

"Daresay you're right. But anyhow, men think straighter'n women. Made up my mind to that long ago."

There is no use arguing with a mind that is made up. The hopelessly fixed attitude of the Judge, a stupid stand-pat immobility, drives one by an emotional rebound, quite unreasonable and illogical, to a passionate advocacy of everything that woman desires, hopes for, pretends to be, and to a recantation of every written or spoken word that sounds in the least unfavorable toward her. Our best friend is a blundering enemy. Nevertheless, the Judge with his eburnean brain had gropingly hit upon a difference between the sexes which, however slight, is real and worth considering.

It is difficult to know just what ladies are, and just what gentlemen are, how and why we

misbehave like human beings. It is still more difficult to find out, with the help of all the epistemologists, psychologists, and ordinary common-sense observation of the way people think, just what logic is. Some philosophers drive logic into a corner and knock it cold, so that you do not recognize it as having much to do with any natural action of your mind. Chesterton says that it is logic, not vagaries of thought, that makes us mad. Like many of Chesterton's paradoxes, this is not true and not very clever, but it does pry the subject off the schoolroom wall, blackboard and all. A better humorist, Dr. Holmes, reduces logic to its logical absurdity in the rollicking fable of Calvinism, "The One-Hoss Shay."

In our age, which began about a century ago, when every idea pretending to be true must be "scientific," Logic has become a highly specialized subject with an elaborate technic, and is called the Science of Reasoning and the Science of the Laws of Thought. This formal systematization is not, however, a product of recent times, but goes back to the scholastic

philosophers, especially Duns Scotus of the thirteenth century, a great thinker, from whose name by a queer freak of derivation we get our word "dunce." He called Logic the Science of Sciences. And centuries before him were Aristotle and the other lucid Greeks.

Logic has about the same relation to actual thinking that mathematics has to the building of a bridge. The difference is that if we have a good brain we can think logically without ever having looked into Mill or Jevons or Whately, whereas an engineer who designs a bridge must be a trained mathematician, though he may be quite indifferent to the speculations of an Einstein. In practice logic means sound sense, clear thinking, sequential, orderly, progressive. The first requisite of that kind of thinking is information, knowledge of the subject, grasp of material. The second is detachment, freedom from the corruptions and disturbances of the many other activities of the mind. We do not argue well when we are angry. We are not likely to compose our most perspicuous discourse on the

Economic and Ethical Status of Woman when we are in love. Straight thinking must be impersonal, objective; and it never can be that perfectly because rationality is only one part—not a preponderant part—of our make-up. Perversely, the very strength of our character, our personality, gets in our own way, stands in our own light, confuses logic. So that if we find (many will deny it flatly) a lack of logic in the processes of the feminine mind, as compared with the processes of the noble masculine intellect, we are not bringing a very damning charge against the ladies. That defect, if it exists, may be part of their charm. And in general—some fiery ladies seem unable to understand this—the masculist's discussion of the nature of woman is or should be, not accusatory, but analytical, speculative, dispassionate, yet not so dispassionate as to be dry and cold.

About the time when I was arguing with the Judge, Mrs. Margaret Deland, who was opposed to woman suffrage, told in one of her articles in the *Atlantic Monthly* a story which in part atones for the fundamental error of her

position. A man and a woman were debating this old question of woman's ability to reason. The man said, "The trouble with you women is that you cannot think an idea out for its own sake. You make everything personal." The lady replied, "*I* don't." Before some other lady begins to argue about it, I hasten to say that the story proves nothing except that Mrs. Deland, a woman whose intelligence is far above that of the common run of men and women, has a lower opinion of her sisters than have many of us sweetly reasonable masculine critics, and that she offers an instance in confirmation of my belief that the severest critics of women are women.

We are all incurably personal, wrapped up, tangled up in ourselves. Every human being is himself (or herself) or a nobody, a nonentity, dead from the neck up. The most abstract objective matter, once it gets into a single separate cranium, becomes individualized; and the stronger the individual, the better the matter is cerebrated. Huxley, treating facts, pleading for the disinterested study of facts,

would be forgotten but for his dominant self, expressed in his magnificently effective prose. The egocentrism of the male is just the same as that of the female, as an observant man is aware every day whether he is watching another fellow or dwelling alone in honest self-scrutiny. We are well past the time when it was necessary for Mary Wollstonecraft to argue that the minds of men and women are fundamentally the same in quality, that the knowledge acquired by the sexes is, or should be, essentially the same, and that the treatment which that knowledge undergoes, the mental process to which it is subjected, differs not according to sex but according to the capacity and power of the individual. There is no difference in the method by which a man and a woman solve a problem in geometry. But there is immense difference in speed, understanding, richness of implication, between what happens to that problem in the mind of Bertrand Russell and what happens in the mind of a struggling schoolboy. If a man is found dead with a discharged pistol in his

hand, men and women alike reason that he has killed himself, and men and women alike go farther and ask whether a murderer has "planted" the pistol there. Both men and women argue validly that Socrates is a man, man is immortal; therefore Socrates is immortal. And both go astray in fallacious syllogisms: Napoleon was a man, Socrates was a man; therefore, Socrates was Napoleon.

The question is whether *on the whole*, in handling more difficult intellectual problems, more abstract and complicated ideas, women fail more often than men, fail not in kind but in degree, fall short of the best thinking to which men, a very few, have attained, and on the lower levels of thought are more liable to error. And the allied question is whether this liability to error from which everybody suffers is not accentuated by an inherent inferiority in the feminine intellect; whether the ladies are not more subject than *nous autres* to the habit of fetching home every sort of idea to themselves, referring it to their private purposes, experiences, and emotions. I believe that this

is a weakness of intellect in which the weaker sex is weaker. Even in a devoutly to be wished society where everybody shall have opportunity for the fullest cultivation of the faculties, the masculist revenant may expect to find the ladies excelling as poets, artists, musicians, but only secondary as philosophers and "men" of science. I cannot prove it (logic) even with respect to what is or has been, much less for a putative future. But I can report my beliefs and some corroborative instances, with the understanding that instances are only indications; they point toward a conclusion but do not clinch any general proposition or carry us securely to a triumphant Q. E. D.

The slogan which Mrs. Alice Duer Miller used effectively during the Great Campaign, "Are Women People?" was an ironic reference to the "We, the People," of our democratic forefathers. Another more amusing question is, "Are Women Persons?" All the better, I say, if they are. Their intense personal sense of themselves is part of their power and charm, even if it does become a limiting liability in the

upper reaches of thought. The masculist contention is that some women are striving to be not themselves, that they are pretending and aspiring to be what they are not and never can be. We are trying to find out what they are and, if possible, how they think. And we are quite ready to be met with the fierce retort that we are trying to keep them down and suppress them. Nothing could be farther from the masculist attitude.

Are women persons? The more vigorously, aggressively they are persons, female persons, the better and happier for us and our children. In our monotonous ready-to-wear civilization persons—the human severalties—are in danger of being lost in the indistinguishable homogeneity. People are interesting only as persons. The present assertiveness of women as a sex is mostly a loud cheer, a mob hubbub. The fine solo voices are all too few. Women are exhibiting two apparently contradictory failings, their new intellectual short skirts uncovering much that is not shapely. One failing is the herd instinct, the tendency with which we

are all cursed to merge in a mass, an aggregate without purpose or direction. Partial emancipation is turning the sex into a *grex*. At the same time there is the other failing, the old inborn disposition of women to be pettily egotistic, to refer, convert, and so belittle ideas to their intimate conceits and desires. The two failings are really not contradictory; they are complementary, two manifestations of the same lack of courage and ability to tackle ideas as ideas. Thinking is an individual act which takes place in the skull of a person, however much it may be influenced by the thinking of other persons. Women, by a paradox which is quite appropriate to their perverseness, are at once too personal and not personal enough, individual in a small way and not individual in a large way when confronted with a difficult and complex idea. (I note all your exceptions, Madam Attorney.)

I tried an experiment, a trivial thing, a straw in the wind. I enjoyed immensely Dr. Logan Clendening's book, *The Human Body,* which is packed with information that a layman can

understand and is written in a clear, vivacious, humorous manner. I recommended the book right and left to intelligent adults of both sexes. The responses were all enthusiastic or at least approving. But invariably the men discussed the merits of the book, its substance, style. And invariably the women made a dive into it to see if it said anything about their symptoms, usually those treated in one special section.

I once watched for a few minutes each day through many sad weeks at the bedside of a dying woman. The nurses were fine, the doctors were fine, the lawyers who had to attend to some final affairs were tactful and sympathetic. One or two male friends and relatives who came and went were cheerful and helpful. The patient's mother, who was in charge, spent most of her many hours in the sick room (the patient told me this with acid humor) talking about her own ailments, which curiously resembled those of the dying girl. If a man had acted like that I should have invited him into the corridor and given him the devil.

Another experiment was made for me. Certain chapters of this book, printed in magazines, elicited many letters, to which I have already referred. Almost every letter began with "I," not the conventional opening: "I have read your article," but an upstanding, self-conscious "I" which introduced myself and my experiences and why I joined the cause of Woman Suffrage and how much work I did for it. The letters also contained much, rather impertinent, about "you"—how unfortunate your experience as a lover and husband must have been, how women who gave you opinions unfavorable to their sex have deceived you about themselves. And there was also a good deal about what "my husband" thinks, an unwittingly feminine appeal to the authority of masculine opinion and a reminder of the undeniable fact that men disagree with men about women.

It is from women that I try to learn about women. They seem to be the valid sources of information, conscious or unconscious, willing or reluctant. Their testimony about them-

selves is confusing, sometimes self-destructive, illogically contradictory. When women betray or affirm (according to my correspondents) their general dislike of their sisters, they are deceiving us men who have taught them to flatter and cajole us; especially do they feed our literary vanity when we happen to be writing about them. But when they disagree with us they are telling the truth, which we must accept at its face value, for we do not understand them. This is a delightful dialectic *impasse*. In the act of undermining the testimony of their sisters and asserting their own honesty they accuse one another of mendacity with an emphasis beyond the courage of a mere timid man. Lest I be suspected of making this up, let me, without betraying confidences, quote some phrases from women:

"Do not be too sure that the clever ladies who confess female goodfornothingness [a word I never used nor even distantly suggested] are not flattering you. I hate to peach on my own kind, but that is an old, old trick. Perhaps if I were talking to you, I should say

that your article was wonderful and so true." From another correspondent who writes a complete rebuttal in third personal form: "If he quotes a woman, it is a biased one. His assumption that he is not being flattered by his female chorus is so naïve that it makes one laugh. The flattery is so evident and the procedure so usual. I have yet to see any normal woman make herself disagreeable to a man socially, however obnoxious he may make himself. [I have seen several!] The fact may be regrettable, but society is assumed to be a place of peace, not war, and its courtesies are religiously kept by most women. What they think has no place in what they know they must say. He should learn that a masculist, such as he proclaims himself by word and deed, never receives a straight answer from his feminine associates. If he did he would cease to associate with such a one—unless he fell in love with her from pure opposition. But he would most likely find her unattractive, and relegate her to solitude and the company of children."

I cannot make out the logic of running

down your sex on one side in order to support it on another. I only know that some of the severest critics of women are women. Since a man may indeed be deceived by his own experience, I appeal to some great women in the sunshine of whose flattery I never had the pleasure of basking. George Sand's best biographer, Wladimir Karénine, says: "George Sand could not endure talking for the sake of talking. She freely admitted that she preferred the conversation of men to that of women. Women wearied her by their silly gossip and chit-chat." It may be that women in George Sand's environment were sillier than the ladies we know, and it is certain that the demands of her fine intellect were more exacting than those of most women and men. It was her intelligence that rebelled against her sex. Her overflowing maternity embraced men, women, children, animals, and God. Her lovers and friends were men of brains. Modern feminists will surely be the last to reply that she was a masculine woman. She

was thoroughly feminine and a paragon of honesty among men and women.

Another less admirable but very influential woman, Hannah More, whose excellent style is worthy of better ideas, wrote: "To be unstable and capricious, I really think, is but too characteristic of our sex, and there is, perhaps, no animal so much indebted to subordination for its good behavior as woman." This judgment was delivered apropos of Mary Wollstonecraft's *Vindication of the Rights of Woman,* which Aunt Hannah confesses she has not read and does not intend to read! Her opinion is simply the conventional view of the time. Mary Wollstonecraft herself is a sharp critic of women and found her most subtle and stubborn enemy in the weaknesses of the sex whose rights, not virtues, she was defending. She charges her sisters with cunning, superstition, want of generosity, low sense of justice, sloth, mismanagement of children, neglect of household duties, domestic selfishness worse than neglect. Her general accusation against society is free from the perversion of misandry,

which distorts the more querulous of modern feminist arguments. ("Misandry" is not in the *New English Dictionary,* but if it did not exist before, it does now. It is analogous in formation to "polyandry" and in meaning to "misogyny." Its connotation is anti-masculine; "misanthropy" is anti-human.)

In women's defense of themselves there frequently appears the overt charge, or the implication, that men are responsible for the mendacity of women, as for some other lapses from virtue. As my correspondents aver, we encourage them to lie to us. Other failings and misfortunes of women are repeatedly attributed to the erroneously alleged fact that this is a "man-made" world. Mrs. Poyser's "God made them so to match the men" becomes Man made them so to please himself. Woman's virtues are her own, but her faults are not her fault. Her weaknesses are due to Nature, the Creator, and especially to Male Man. God and Nature can bear their share of the responsibility, but it is not good sense or good sportsmanship to shift all the remaining burden of

one's failings to the shoulders of a human fellow. The classic example of that kind of cowardice is Adam's ascription of his fall to the temptation of Eve. The modern woman will not wish to imitate that pusillanimous retreat behind the lack of skirts of the other sex. We are proud of our good qualities and you are to blame for our shortcomings—that is the worst kind of illogical ethics, and an example of the intellectual fallacy of trying to have it both ways at once.

It is not good sportsmanship to use the other fellow as a scapegoat. Good sportsmanship is an aspect of fairmindedness, and fairness of mind is very close to clearness of mind, to logical, reasonable thinking. Are women good sports? I once took part in a so-called debate over the radio on the subject of the "Two-Job Wife." Like most debates, it was not a debate at all but two loosely related talks. Knowing from experience that this was likely to be the case and also knowing that the debate was only a vaudeville stunt for the amusement of radiauditors, I suggested to my opponent that we

collude and make our little pieces fit. She was a brilliant lawyer, member of a profession which, though often morally despicable, is supposed to have a highly developed technic of reason and logic. I sent her a carbon copy of my remarks. But I never saw a copy of hers, had no idea what she was going to say, and the announcer cut off a possible rebuttal, since my piece as printed later in a feminist journal occupied a column and a half and the lady lawyer's piece occupied two columns and a half. She effectively answered most of what I said and placed some hot shots clear outside the nominal subject. One of my adoring harem of unemancipated ladies said to me, "Why did you let that woman put it over you like that?" I explained the circumstances. She sniffed. "Well, what else could you expect of a woman? Women don't play the game. They are rotten bad sports." I protested—for I always defend women against themselves—that in the real sports, tennis, golf, women do play fair. "Yes," said my backward cave-lady, "because they are being

watched and cannot fool the referee." A Wall Street broker has complained that women who gamble on margin are poor losers, try to lie out of orders they have given, which may injure an innocent clerk, and let loose lachrymal Niagaras in the office.

Many years ago *Life* published a picture of a half-lighted hallway. A man evidently the worse for wear had knocked over the stand, broken the newel-lamp, and messed things up generally. At the head of the stairway was the shadowy figure of a woman in her nightie. The text under the picture read: "Her fine feminine intuition told her that something was wrong." This will go with a story the hero of which is masculine, a German locomotive driver who saw on the track ahead of his speeding train a little child tied "handless and footless" to the rails. "He knew," runs the story in unspellable dialect, "he knew by a kind of untuvishion dot someting most be done." Of all the superstitions about women and cherished by women none is more inane than the belief that they have a sort of sixth sense, a

short-cut leap of mind by which they jump to conclusions unerringly without the exercise of the ordinary processes of thought which men are obliged to follow. Whether this imaginary faculty was wished on woman by man as flattering compensation (man also is a flatterer) for qualities which he denied in her, or whether it was his ignorant blundering way of recognizing the plain every-day fact that her mind often acts quickly and that she sees with disconcerting shrewdness through his bluff and nonsense—in short has keen common sense—history does not say.

In the ages of faith in witchcraft and other mythical things, divination, usually of a malignant kind, was ascribed to women partly in fear and respect, partly in hatred. There was some wicked twist of woman's mind which the brute could not understand, especially when he was an illiterate oaf, hunting and fighting while she was knitting, spinning, thinking, listening to song and story, and sharpening her wits by endless talk with her sisters. It may be that from that condition with its momen-

tous, passionate, even tragic superstitions has descended the silly little myth of woman's intuition. Mary Wollstonecraft, like all reasonable feminists, asked only that woman be treated as a rational being in the same sense, if not to the same degree, as man. She did not ask for any extra lugs or special endowments. But some women, though seeking to be relieved of burdensome and unjust superstitions, still cling to this pleasant complimentary libel of their intelligence. They wish to be credited with all the intellectual power that men have and then add a little more for luck.

Intuition simply means seeing (Latin, *intueri*, to look at). A lady may know by intuition the shape of a pig (porcine or marital) but she cannot so know the Declaration of Independence or God or the character of the man who is trying to get her husband in on a Big Deal. Old Jeremy Taylor uses the word in its original sense when he says that Christ's disciples must abstain not only from concubinage but from "the impurer intuition of a wife of another man." By a loose extension the word

came to mean immediate knowledge of any kind, a quick-as-a-flash good guess, apprehension independent of ratiocinative process of thought. And it is in this sense that we commonly use it. When Dr. Alexander Graham Bell secured his claim to the telephone by the preposterous patent of the passage of a variable current of electricity through a wire, he may be said to have had a fortunate intuition, for he had no reasoned or empirical knowledge of what enormous complexities the words could be made to cover. When Democritus hit upon a theory of atoms twenty-three centuries before Theodore Richards weighed them, he had a happy intuition.

Whether or not man's intellect in some of its activities is more powerful than woman's, one thing is certain: there is no difference in kind or degree between feminine and masculine intuition. In the face-to-face cognition of present objective facts the sexes are equally alert, swift, and sure. When a cat looks at a king and a king looks at a cat exactly the same act of intuition takes place. But when the king

says, "You are a beautiful cat; I wish you would not scratch the gilt off the throne," and when the cat says, "He is a good king but not so kind as the queen; I'd like to chew the ermine off his robe," then intuition has finished its work and another kind of thinking has begun. So we shall have to deprive the ladies once for all of this little spurious claim to superiority.

Much of the foregoing is speculative, matter of opinion, and not subject to final demonstration. One fact about woman is known and demonstrable, if not precisely understood in all its aspects. I am aware that my brief and inexpert discussion of this subject will expose me to the charge of blaming woman for a weakness over which she has no more control than she has over her stature or the color of her eyes. Nobody is blaming anybody for anything in this connection; we are trying to find out how we are made.

The ancient Greeks had but a rudimentary knowledge of physiology and pathology. For them the nervous system had no more exist-

ence than the circulation of the blood; νεῦρον from which our "nerve" is ultimately derived, meant sinew, tendon, string. But they were wise and careful observers of human nature both in its physical and in its psychic aspects. They noted a disorder to which women are especially liable and so they named it from the uterus (ὑστέρα) hysteria. The belief that this baffling and varied derangement of mind, nerves, senses, and muscles was referable to a disturbance of the female genital organs persisted for centuries until the Epistolary Dissertation of Thomas Sydenham in 1692. This independent and sensible man, the Father of English Medicine, saw what might have been seen before, that men are also subject to hysteria, though not so often as women, and that we must, therefore, look for the source of it in some other than the traditionally accepted place. With an "intuitive" etiology, Sydenham correctly pronounced hysteria to be a disease of the mind, some failure of the mental functions. Janet calls it a forgetfulness, an amnesia. In one form of hysteria the patient's

foot or arm does "go to sleep," because part of the mind forgets it. And all physical manifestations of hysteria are due to wrong ideas; something in the mind has gone askew and produces morbid results in the body. So that over-exciting or frightening ideas may cause hysteria; and suggestion, calm surroundings, and psychoanalysis may cure the trouble.

The reason that women are more subject to hysteria than men, in the proportion of twenty to one, is in plain terms that their brains are weaker, more easily unbalanced. On one side hysteria, which is usually a passing fit, may run over into the permanent or more long-continued disturbances which are loosely called insanity. On the other side hysteria fades into weaker forms of "hysterics," excessive emotionalism, nervous instability, which are not true diseases but do hinder and confuse thought. "War hysteria," "hysterical with laughter," "positively hysterical with joy" are common expressions; we know about what we mean by such phrases, and we certainly do not mean to imply anything specifically patholog-

ical. These hysteroidal upsets of reason, temporarily disturbing to serenity and good sense, have the same ratio of frequency in women and men as true hysteria. You never, or very seldom, see in a French book *crise de nerfs* applied to a man. (The French, by the way, are more subject to actual hysterical fits than the English; this is a matter of medical statistics and should not be confounded with the belief dear to so-called Anglo-Saxons that the French are "excitable"; the French keep their nerve and maintain their poise quite as well as their northern neighbors.)

The proved tendency of women to unsettlements of mind approaching remotely or closely true hysteria, added to their undeniable periodical incapacities, is a severe handicap. It accounts largely for the relative inability of women to pursue with unflagging application a difficult idea. Woman may learn mathematics; she has never contributed anything to the subject. These conclusions may be open to argument. The pathological and biological facts are undeniable. If Madam resents being

told by a layman that she is twenty to one more liable than her brother to hysteria and hysteroidal manifestations she may ask her physician, provided she is fortunate enough to have one who will tell her the truth, and she had better consult him some day when she is feeling fine.

Woman is more susceptible than man to the influences internal and external which throw reason off the hinges. But the difference here, which cannot be measured by the case-statistics of hysteria or by any other exact and trustworthy evidence, does not in itself constitute a very wide chasm between the sexes. Men and women are only to a limited degree rational and logical beings. In practical life normal people go about their business and pleasure, guided and controlled to some extent by reason but to a greater extent by desire, passion, prejudice, habit, obstinacy, willfulness, and other motives. Every woman can afford to smile when she recalls the irrational acts and wrong-headed arguments of her oldest male child. It is when in all seriousness the reason-

ing faculty is especially called upon, when serenity, coolness of judgment, sustained ratiocination are demanded, that woman is appreciably weaker than man. That is all. And that all is much or little as you happen to think, as you happen to be a man or a woman.

We have denied woman one alleged superiority and found in her, rather certainly, a real inferiority. These are but slight differences at the most. There is one enormous difference, which makes her unique, superior, absolute. That is the maternal function, her exclusive possession, by which alone she is lifted to an unapproachable altitude above her mate.

# *Chapter Four*

# *THE SUPERIOR PARENT*

WOMEN are justly proud of what they are accomplishing, or hope to accomplish, in the professions, the arts, commerce, industry, education, politics. In their new pride are they forgetting the ancient pride of the mother of the Gracchi? In the development of new kinds of skill are they neglecting the old supreme skill required to polish their natural jewels? A competent mother is more valuable than a competent stenographer, though, to be sure, a woman may have both kinds of competence.

Maternity has been beautifully poetized and absurdly sentimentalized, while the plain facts about it have been hidden, obscured, falsified. To elevate motherhood to its true dignity, the first thing is to rid it of superstition and sentimentality. This seems to be especially desirable in America where the home-and-mother theme flourishes most rankly, where a pathetic comic festival, Mother's Day,

fans filial emotion into momentary flame, to the profit of telegraph companies and vendors of candy and flowers. Respect for Mother and Mother's respect for herself seem to be in need of artificial stimulation, just as the disintegrating Family requires an annual appointed pulling together, the unspontaneous reunion of Old Home Week.

A generation ago one of the current sob-songs, which were worse then, if worse be possible, than those that now come over the radio, uttered a tremendous couplet:

> A boy's best friend is his mother,
> For when she dies he'll get no other.

A comedian of the time used to say of the second half of the distich: "It took a crowd of men to write that line!" Yet the couplet is very profound; it arouses speculation and controversy. Popular song and story are often better evidence of prevalent social ideas than lofty poetry and masterpieces of fiction. This lyric declares the unique position of Mother, a position determined by incontrovertible bio-

logical fact. In its emotional expression the couplet gives rise to serious question. Is a boy's best friend his mother? Many boys, and girls, have had much better friends outside the Family Circle than in it. Sometimes a boy's mother is not his friend but one of his worst enemies; and many women are of doubtful service to their children.

It all depends on the kind of woman the mother is. Many women will make any sacrifice for their sons and daughters and help them in an intelligent way. Other women are hostile or useless to their children, owing to malice, indifference or stupidity. The cases of flagrant abuse must be relatively few. The most common causes of opposition to the welfare of the child are ignorance and misunderstanding. The mother may be a stranger to the child, out of sympathy with his ambitions, tastes, nature; she may drive her children from home while she weeps at their departure and their ingratitude. And she may not be vicious or deliberately cruel; for it is often the highly moral woman who inflicts the most damage on

the younger generation by exercising the disastrous virtue of the well-intentioned. Need it be said that all this applies equally to Father—and to human relations generally?

Mother as mother is not necessarily worthy of affection or deserving of obedience. When the child fails to honor his parents, it is more often than not the fault of the parents, if, indeed, any blame at all attaches to human misunderstanding and misery. If, however, we keep to the old notions of responsibility, of ethical rules and regulations, then the Biblical commandment should be changed to read: Father and Mother, deserve to be honored by your children. The notion that parents are entitled to respect simply because they are parents is preposterous. The stream of obligation runs strongly the other way. A child owes his parents no gratitude whatever for bringing him into the world (as Swift sardonically said, while they were thinking of something else) or for supporting him as well as they can until he is able to take care of himself.

Maternity in itself does not transform or ennoble a woman's character. It may bring about modifications such as come with any growth, and it must add to her knowledge, just as any experience adds to knowledge—paternity, being elected to Congress, reading a book, or traveling in Africa. The question is, what kind of brain is this experience to act upon? The foolish virgin will be the foolish mother, grandmother. The wise virgin will become the wise matron. Beauty and wisdom reside in the woman as woman, not in the woman as mother. Motherhood does make her, for better or for worse, more important to society and therefore worthy of special consideration. Moreover, if life is sacred, then maternity, the source and symbol of life, is sacred and its fair head has been fittingly surmounted by a halo. Yet is there many a silly head under the halo. And we have all known attractive, intelligent women who, so far as the available evidence went, were not mothers; some of these childless women seem to know

more than some mothers about the care and education of children.

We have been told that great men (and women) had great mothers or at least mothers of strength and intelligence above the average. I doubt if a study of biography and biology will discover support for this generality. Greatness derives from total inheritance, from mother and father, grandparents, and an incalculable remote ancestry. The strong elements may come down either line or both, and if down the maternal line, may be recessive in the individual mother. Some great men have had mothers of intellectual and physical strength. Other great men have been born of women of no recorded distinction, or of recorded weakness. Napoleon's mother was an Amazon who outlived her illustrious son, saw further in some directions than he did, and was never deceived by his blazing career which blinded everybody else. Goethe celebrates his mother. Byron's mother was vain and violent, perhaps mentally deranged. Michelangelo's mother was an invalid, not able to suckle him.

These few instances prove nothing one way or the other; they simply suggest that eminent men may have mothers worthy of their sons or they may spring from obscure or commonplace parentage.

On the whole good stock counts, and the virtue of the stock may be nothing more than mere good health and may never have manifested itself in anything like the form of talent which makes the son distinguished. Either parent may be the one to transmit desirable qualities which triumph over incapacities derived from or through the other parent. We cannot add a cubit to a child's stature by taking thought of its ancestry, for that ancestry and the particular combination of the many characteristics that flow in the ancestral streams are determined at the instant of conception.

After the great event of child-birth, and for several years before, something can be done for the education of the child, and the most important preliminary part of that education is the education of the mother for her difficult

and unique task. It might almost be said: Educate your mothers and the children will take care of themselves. The curriculum of that education cannot be laid out precisely; it is more difficult than curricula already more or less established, because it has hardly been tried, except for the age-long haphazard course in the school of experience. That is the chief primary school of maternity, but it has proved to be blundering and blind. It may be that the thought of the future will give it clarity and method. A major task of the intelligent feminists seems to lie in the attempt to find some light on this problem. Only a little light would bring vastly greater consequences for the wellbeing of the race than the election of a lady senator.

The first step, apparently, is to convince people that such education is necessary or possible, to persuade women themselves (and men, since men must have a little voice in the matter) that maternity with all that it entails is woman's chief occupation and that training for the work might be desirable. It seems de-

sirable to wise men and women who have begun to study the question, to biologists, sociologists, even novelists and poets, who approach the subject with passionate beliefs but in a spirit of honest inquiry and with a serenity which transcends the bickerings of sex.

For though we indulge in caustic argument and permit ourselves the acid pleasure of satire and mockery we are bent not upon a quarrel but upon an inquiry. The pursuit of an inquiry presupposes a fairly broad and open road, free from unnecessary obstructions. The end of the road is far out of sight and it takes clear vision to see even a little way ahead.

Our course is interrupted by a frantic irrelevancy that looks like a woman. It plants itself in the middle of the road crying:

"I don't want to be a mother.

"I want to be an artist.

"I belong to the Lucy Stone League.

"My name is Mary Smith."

The traffic policeman tries to help us, and being a mere man makes a mess of things and further impedes progress.

"Name, please?"

"I said Mary Smith, Miss Mary Smith."

"Father's name?"

"I had no father, the brute!"

"Mother's name?"

"Mary Adams."

"Address, please?"

"Care James J. Jones, 163 Michigan Avenue, Oakland, New York, the brute!"

"Step aside, lady."

The policeman has talked too much, asked too many questions, but has finally cleared the way of both the lady and himself. And we proceed slowly, eyes ahead, meditating on the unimportance of names except as a matter of convenience and identification. What difference does it make whether a woman takes her husband's name or keeps that of her father—or her mother? Artist? Maybe. The finest art, the most difficult to learn, is the art of living. In this complex art the most delicate expression for a woman, the art of which nature has made her exclusive mistress, is the art of motherhood.

Mary Cassatt was an artist distinguished among women and among artists. All the good fairies smiled upon her birth and attended her through a long brilliant career. All but one. Toward the end of her life a friend reports her as saying: "After all, woman's vocation in life is to bear children." That may utter the tragedy of an individual whose shining success seemed to her barren. It also suggests a tragic fact in the story of the human race and raises the whole tremendous problem of eugenics. The woman of talent and opportunity may leave no progeny. The mediocre, the inferior woman (and man) may be prolific. The fittest to survive do survive after a fashion. But not by any means the fittest to live in the full meaning of "live," the fittest to transmit the internal power and hand down the external power, vigorous blood and wise instruction.

Some of the proposals made for the improvement of the conditions of women and of the race seem strangely indifferent to the real desires of women and their essential happiness.

It is characteristic of certain reformers to wish to lift us from one misery to another of a higher but no less excruciating kind. For example the American feminist, Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson Gilman, proposes that children be brought up outside the home by specialists. That is, close the home to the children, either because the mother is not fit to take care of her children, or in order that she may go to her work in factory and office and school and pursue "social activities."

For the mother who works outside the home, who is *obliged* to earn a living, some such system might be feasible and helpful, for her children must be somewhat neglected, however hard she tries to take care of them in the hours when she is not away on her job. Any institution which should afford a part-time substitute for the temporarily motherless home is at least thinkable. But that all children of all classes should be brought up outside the home is a horrible idea. The majority of married women are supported at home in some fashion, from squalor to luxury, by men.

Their chief task is or should be the care of the home and the children. There are ignorant, selfish, lazy, idle women, rich or poor, who neglect their children. But it is the testimony of those who have worked among the poor that the women as a rule do try heroically to hold their homes together. It is no argument to say that many of the homes are wretched and the children would be better off elsewhere. The problem is how to make the homes better, the vast economic problem, which, however and if ever it may be solved, certainly cannot be solved by institutions of any kind. As for the immense middle class in endurable circumstances, they would as soon think of giving up their homes and their children as of giving up their clothes—or their automobiles.

Mrs. Gilman proposes that "experts" or "specialists" take charge of the children. Reformers are naïvely confident of the existence and expertness of "experts." It is by no means certain that even if time enough were allowed to train experts they could be found in sufficient numbers and with ability appreciably

superior to that of the mother if she too had some training. Ellen Key with her usual sanity points out that the hypothetical merits of a collective training, as yet untried and unproved, are vague and intangible, whereas individual training in society as at present organized with the home as the unit, is within reach and immediately practicable. Any essential reform must, like charity, begin at home. Such experience as we have had with collective training in the ordinary schools, where parents send their children with an honest desire to have them taught, to which is sometimes added the selfish desire to get rid of them,—such experience is not altogether reassuring; and earnest educators are growing gray trying to make moderately efficient the limited collectivity of public schools which work for a few hours a day. To extend that collectivity to include all or most of the life of the child, at the expense of the home, is not for the good of the child.

Ideas on this and kindred subjects shift so rapidly that possibly Mrs. Gilman's ideas are

already obsolete in her mind and the minds of her followers. But I have not seen that she ever retreated from her conception of human nature, which Miss Key summarizes with disapproval:

"The child's need of the mother and the mother's need of the child is a prejudice which must vanish with all other superstitions from lower stages of culture, if the mothers are to be coequal with men, community members, capable of work, and if the children are to be well reared for the social vocations which must soon determine the trend of all lives."

It is neither possible nor desirable that mothers "be coequal with men." They have a very special task in which they must be the bosses and in which men can only assist them. But that is not the worst of the folly. Ask any child who is fond of his mother or at least accustomed to having her round the house, ask any woman who is even mildly fond of her children whether the mutual need of one for the other is a "prejudice," a "superstition."

Miss Key tells a pathetic story of a woman

who visited her boy in a boarding-school. The other children fought for the privilege of sitting in her lap. Those starved youngsters have more to teach us than many plans for the institutional reform of the race. Innovators are often annoyed by the last refuge of the stupid: "You can't change human nature." That is no answer to any proposal, for human nature does change in many ways in the individual and in the race as a whole. But plans of reform which deny the fundamental human emotions, the deep-rooted instincts, are foredoomed to failure.

Any community-herding of children or adults is vicious. We are herded and regimented enough as it is. The desirable thing, without which life is intolerable, is the natural family (if it is only a family of two), the possibility of seclusion, the fireside, if it is only a gas-log, a radiator, or a cook-stove. There is something solid after all under the tearful wail, "be it ever so humble." Stevenson called that American song a brutal assault on the emotions, but the emotions are there. Human

beings without them are rare, and a whole race without them would be hardly recognizable as our kinsmen. As Miss Key says: "The very worst proposition that has appeared from any side is that of the family colony with common kitchen and dining room, common play room and care of babies . . . If Satan announced a prize competition for the best means of increasing hatred on earth, this reform proposition ought to receive the first prize."

Life has been changing so rapidly, especially in America, that the views of Mrs. Gilman, Miss Key, and other feminists, instead of being in the vanguard of thought, are already out of date. There is a constant swift tendency toward an enlarged community life, a community much wider than the town, city, state, nation in which we think we live. Home and Family, the smallest unit, is disappearing or losing its old importance. If it is "breaking up" faster in America than in other countries, that is because modern industrialism, invincible maker of the greatest of all revolutions, is

more advanced in America.* Industrialism is the great enemy of the old-fashioned home, a friendly or a malicious enemy as you happen to feel about it; it is really an impersonal power which feeling cannot resist or promote, but which critical understanding can to some extent guide and control. Home and Family is no longer an economic unit and is therefore becoming as obsolete as a horse-car, and some emotions, some sanctions relating to Home and Family are consequently obsolescent. The single and separate houses still physically visible in small cities, towns and villages should not deceive us; they are in reality not single and separate, any more than are the crowded warrens of city tenements or the less crowded extravagant apartments. Extravagant is a suggestive word here, in the sense of straying away, wandering out of bounds. The old home has a card on the door which reads: "Not at home." Modern industry, the expansion of

* For an account, at once matter-of-fact and vividly imaginative, of what is happening in America, I refer the reader to Charles W. Wood's *The Passing of Normalcy*.

business, put the card there and keeps it there. It remains even while mother is telephoning to a store owned in New York for groceries made in Pittsburgh or grown in California, while father swallows with his coffee the legends of last night's closing market reports, while the children are preparing for a day of various activities which extend far beyond the front door; or, to change the scene, while mother is frying the last bit of bacon and worrying about the gas bill, while father is looking at the advertisements of help-wanted, and while the children—

The home is not at home. The family is out, every member, even the member who is asleep in his own bed or is in his private bath. House and home, family and fireside have "left the house," not at the command of the master of the house, not in despite of the tears of the mistress begging them to stay, not by order of the landlord or the court, but at the command of the wide world. This world, a new world of fact and of romance, has decreed an exodus, a migration more extensive and momentous

than any other in all history. The decree has not yet been heard in all houses in all parts of the world, but it will be heard and finally obeyed in the remotest farm and hamlet—which shall then cease to be remote. It is the voice of Industrialism, which is more destructive and immensely more creative than Socialism or Communism or Bolshevism or Agrarianism, or Capitalism or any other ism, actual or putative. It ignores all old political and economic theories and has consigned a whole library of learned works to the incinerator or has removed them to the department of ancient history.

The old home is being knocked to flinders, though not one house, hovel or palace, may be attacked by anything more violent than the tooth of time or the tools of peaceful building wreckers. And old emotions are being smashed, though silently, almost imperceptibly. If it is impossible to fall in love with apartment 36-A, as one loved father's dear old place, it is certainly impossible to hate the apartment more than one hated father's rot-

ten old place. Love thrives better under a steel and concrete roof than in a leaky cottage. Culture is on the whole better fostered by the radio than by Annie's piano. Lying-in hospitals are safer than midwives or even than doctors who visited the mother in her "own" bed. Whether we lament the dear old days beyond recall and detest the modern materialistic machine age is not the question. We are in that age and getting deeper and deeper in it. It is not all shifting and bewildering and uncertain. For those who love order and methodical ways, it is the most orderly and methodical thing ever devised—or, rather, that ever happened, for it was not devised. To those who love liberty and individual expression it offers a new kind of stability and security from which true freedom may spring.

The essentials of Home and Family are stable, permanent, unchangeable. For Home and Family must always be a biological unit with a physical locus. The holy trinity of father, mother, and child outlasts all religions, for in that we are made and live; it is one tri-

angle in which at least one member is innocent. The physical home must always be some place, some more or less exclusive entity in which man and woman may meet, mate and procreate. So much of the home must be saved, and it does not need to be saved by reformers, for it will save itself. If conscious deliberate effort toward salvation can help at all, it may be in the direction of educating woman to be mother and mistress of the home, whatever form the home may take. And the education must begin in girlhood, long before the age of motherhood.

It is a grotesque fact that in most civilized communities a girl can receive instruction of a sort in any subject under the sun except the great art and science of motherhood, and in what precedes motherhood. Indeed there seems to be a half tacit, half avowed conspiracy to prevent young women from learning the elementary truths about their sexual nature and their maternal functions. The most inclusive discussion of these and allied problems is the great work of Havelock Ellis, *Stud-*

*ies in the Psychology of Sex,* especially the sixth volume. Since, owing to the insanities of censorship, the work is difficult to get, the "general" reader is not likely to be familiar with it.

It is one of Ellis's many ideas that the future of the race can be to some extent determined for good if men and women become fully self-conscious and instructed about themselves as lovers and parents. The mother is the "child's superior parent," his first teacher, and on her much more than on the man (though he can help) depends the welfare of the child before its birth and after. Paternity is but an episode in a man's life; maternity is, or can be, a large part of the life of a woman. There is thus a natural matriarchy, with a biological basis, in which the superiority of woman is undeniable. Ellis finds in America and England an "unfortunate infatuation which led women in these lands to follow after masculine ideals," to turn their backs on a real or possible supremacy in the quest of an unreal and impossible equality. "By a curiously perverted

form of sexual attraction," says Ellis, "women were so fascinated by the glamour that surrounded men that they desired to suppress or forget all the facts of organic constitution which made them unlike, counting their glory as their shame, and sought the same education as men, the same occupations as men, even the same sports."

There was some justification for this impulse, in so far as it was an effort to throw off artificial traditional restraints. But it became absurd and mischievous, and the mischief is still evident among some women, though this false movement is no longer advocated by "any representatives who exert serious influence." The wilfully or pathologically desexed woman is still with us, but she is not even interesting except pathologically, and her "emancipation" is but another kind of bondage.

The woman (or the man) who seeks emancipation will find it, or the beginning of it, only in knowledge of the facts, knowledge of ourselves. It is the "know thyself" of Socrates

though Socrates did not leave on record, via Plato, any program for the education of women, nor was he a conspicuous example of marital and domestic happiness. Self-knowledge is the essential thing in life, in education. Graduates of she-colleges (the word is Bacon's, not meant to be derogatory) tell me that they received no instruction, technical or informal, about the matters which chiefly concern them and on which health and happiness depend. And I know that thirty years ago in a he-college nothing that touches the central fact of life was imparted, even discussed, from the experience and authority of our elders. Perhaps the elders were too much engrossed with test-tubes and literary classics or were themselves ignorant of the facts which could be found in those test-tubes and classics, or behind them, the facts of life.

Knowledge of the central facts of life, at least the rudimentary truths about sex and reproduction, should be in the possession of all young men and women. The ignorance of women is even more disastrous than the igno-

rance of men, for women bear the heavier burden of responsibility, of suffering and danger. They are the superior parents. It is a superiority to which all real or fancied inferiorities, all actual or possible equalities with men are subordinate matters.

"Women," said Ibsen, "will solve the question of mankind, and they will do it as mothers." They will do it as teachers, for they give the first oral instruction; the earliest schoolroom is "at my mother's knee."

## *Chapter Five*

# *WHY WOMEN SHOULD TALK*

ONE of the oldest jokes in the world, which recurs in almost every number of every humorous periodical, in comic strips and stage farces, is a variant, without much variety, of the idea that woman talks too much, that she talks more and says less than her superior brother, who, of course, invented the joke. Many centuries ago the unknown author of that excellent book, "Ecclesiasticus," which is relegated to *Apocrypha,* wrote: "As the climbing of a sandy way is to the feet of the aged, so is a wife full of words to a quiet man." The ancient scribe was not a woman-hater, for he says a few lines later: "A married woman is a tower against death to her husband." Much sympathy has been wasted on Socrates because his wife Xanthippe had a shrewd and tireless tongue, but it was not the abundance of her words so much as her ill temper that vexed the philosopher. He was not a silent man; indeed, if he had not

spent much of his time talking (outside his house), we should never have heard of him.

The theme of the loquacious lady has been turned over and over again in the comedies of all nations. Ben Jonson played with it in *Epicœne, or The Silent Woman.* In Anatole France's amusing skit, *The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife,* when the woman is cured of her malady and finds her tongue she finds very much of it! The many jests on the lingual exuberance of women would fill volumes. Some are stupid. Others are witty, like the remark of the Yankee sailor that his wife talked so fast that the last word came first.

On the whole the joke is enjoyable. And we might as well make up our minds to enjoy it, for we shall surely hear it some thousands of times before we finally speak with the tongues of angels. But as it is proverbial that a jest often contains a serious truth, there is underneath this joke an important fact entirely creditable to the fairer half of the human race and necessary to the intellectual develop-

ment of the entire race, male and female alike, as God created us.

This is the momentous truth: women ought to talk as much as they do, or, if possible, more. If women were not natural, instinctive, unconscious chatterers, civilization would perish and we should all grow up more stupid, ignorant, and uneducated than we are. Women are the source and fountain of language, pouring it forth at the time when we most need language, in the earliest years of childhood. We owe all that is most vital in our education to the provision of Nature that mother, grandmother, aunt, sister, nurse were garrulous women and kept the very air we breathed swarming with words from morning till night. From the moment when we wake up in the cradle and begin to cry for food until the hour when we are sung to sleep, it is women who flood our ears and brains with language.

The fact is simple and obvious, once we think about it, but it remained for the French critic and philosopher, Remy de Gourmont, to work the idea out and to show that language

is education and that woman is language. The physical mother of the child is also its intellectual mother, and during the first formative years of the child's life she imparts to it or helps it to acquire all the most valuable knowledge which it will ever get or need, to qualify it to become President of the United States or the President's wife. Long before the child toddles to school its essential education is already established. That essential education can be added to, improved, or it can be neglected and to some extent spoiled, but it can never be quite undone. It is there to stay, and the babbling woman is chiefly responsible for it.

It is a responsibility of which the woman need not be afraid, even if she is not what every mother ought to be, a competent primary schoolteacher. The process of instruction largely takes care of itself. For the good of her children, including her oldest and most difficult child, her husband, the wise woman might profitably know a thousand things that the most intelligent of us, men and women,

lack time or capacity to learn. But as regards the primary indispensable education of the child, all the woman has to do is talk, to say whatever happens to come into her head, important or unimportant as the substance of her thought may seem.

For it is all important, this incessant gabble that lays the foundation of human wisdom. The child is born with a certain equipment, body, brain, nerves, character. All that equipment is inherited and cannot be radically changed, though it can be helped and developed or hindered and deprived of opportunity. The infant is thrown into this world with senses, appetites, impulses. He begins at once to have adventures and experiences. He tries to grasp a ray of sunlight and finds that he cannot pick it up. If he touches the stove his fingers are hurt and he learns not to touch it again. The act becomes associated with an unpleasant sensation. It also becomes associated with a sound, "stove," or "tove," which is as near as he can come to it at first. This sound comes out of the mouth of the person

called "mamma," who is soft and warm to lie against and is always making sounds.

She is never silent except when she is asleep. She says, "mamma," "baby," "good," "naughty," "milk," and makes other noises all day long. She makes these noises when the child is thinking of something else than sound, perhaps when he is tasting the sweetish stuff that fills his mouth and feels good going down. After many repetitions there is formed in the child's mind a connection between feeling good in that particular way, or wanting to feel good that way, and the sound that the mother makes.

By the time the child is two years old, he has a fair working vocabulary of one hundred to three hundred words, and he understands more words than he uses himself. At the age of five, more or less, the child has command of a complete every-day language and can swing it with no more mistakes than his mother and other companions happen to make. We have all discovered how much more fluently a foreign child speaks his language than we can

speak it if we have tried to learn it late in life. Language is learned by association, in childhood, mostly from the mother, and long before the time of deliberate, systematic schooling.

To understand the importance of the language which is poured into the brain of the child, consider what happens to those unfortunate children who are born deaf or who lose their hearing from disease in early infancy. There are comparatively few such children, but there are too many whose deafness could have been prevented or who should never have been born. The deaf child learns much through his other senses, and he may be, but for this infirmity, as bright, active, mischievous as a normal child. But he does not speak. He is cut off from the language of his parents and other companions. Deaf and dumb means dumb *because* deaf.

In special schools deaf children are taught to speak after a fashion. But it takes an enormous amount of patient training by expert instructors to teach a deaf child to articulate

with anything like the clearness which normal children acquire as naturally as birds sing. And the deaf child has difficulty in putting together accurately and idiomatically in speech or writing the words of his native language. For he has no "native" language. He is a foreigner to the words which fly about in the air, and he has to learn them carefully and artificially while hearing children learn them without knowing that they are learning. Marvels have been wrought in the teaching of the deaf. The story of Helen Keller, who is both deaf and blind, is known all over the world. But she has a remarkably strong mind and sound body, except for her two disabilities, and few people, normal or defective, have had such good instruction. The best instruction cannot bring the deaf, as a class, up to the standards of normal people.

The real wonder, of which the deaf remind us, is the wonder of the ear and its relation to the brain and the vocal organs, and of the unconscious education that takes place during the first miles of our staggering journey

through life. That education, let us repeat, depends largely on the incessant talking of the women, and of other people.

For, to be sure, the man is not to be left out. He also is a talker and contributes something to the education of his child. He is often charming and affectionate with children, dandles them on his knee, prattles to them, and plays games with them. But then he is a kind of mother, an inferior imitation of his wife. He uses language which he remembers from his own mother or which he has learned again from the mother of his children. The man's liveliest interests are not those of the child. He is almost never, as the woman is, quite "wrapped up in his children." The man talks enough, as we all know. Go to one of his political meetings or conventions of business men, or walk through the lobby of a hotel or into his club, especially if there is something to drink, and listen to him! Never can the volubility of women over sewing or tea exceed the masculine waste of words. But a man's words are not of prime value to his children except

when he imitates the woman and chatters, when he tells fairy tales more thrilling than those he has been telling in his office and plays games at least as entertaining as those played at a club table.

A man's talk differs from a woman's not in quantity but in quality and substance. The differences are not sharp or absolute. The speech of the two sexes must be somewhat alike or there would be no adult domestic communication. And it has often been noted that some men have a feminine streak in their habits of thought and some women have a masculine streak. This is true of some of the strongest, most intelligent men and women.

But the broad differences remain fairly clear. A woman's thought is concrete. She deals with common facts and things, household affairs and the care of the child himself, on which his growth, physical and intellectual, depends. The man is more given to abstract matters, to politics, business, to what appears on those pages of the newspaper which may be least interesting to women and children. The

man in his innocence may fancy that what concerns him is more important than what immediately concerns the woman, that he has more information, broader vision than she. And she often flatters him into cherishing this belief, listening to him with patient deference, seriously or with concealed amusement. But her mind is on her cooking and her knitting and Mary's hands and Willie's dirty shoes; and on these absorbing concerns she keeps up a running commentary, even sometimes interrupting the discourse of her lord and master.

If he is irritable and conceited he may retire behind his newspaper and meditate upon the fate of nations. That may result in some domestic friction. But unless it becomes tragically intense and silences the woman or provokes her to futile argument, the masculine attitude does not seriously affect one way or the other the essential thing, the intellectual welfare of the child, the fundamental language on which all later wisdom, even the profound learning of the man behind the newspaper, is ultimately based. The woman goes

straight on—or it may be a zigzag erratic course—bringing us up from wordless little animals to speaking boys and girls ready to go to school and to grow some day, perhaps, beyond her intellectual reach.

A woman not only "tends to her knitting," she tends constantly with tongue and act and look to the child who is getting her yarn in a snarl. Our French philosopher, De Gourmont, tells a story which gives the whole problem and process in a flash. In the war of Napoleon with Russia some Cossack soldiers stumbled upon a supply of stockings intended for the French army. They pulled the stockings on over their boots! Those Cossacks had their own language, customs, traditions, civilization. But they had never seen stockings nor heard talk about them. So they made a mistake which would have been impossible for any man who had as a child seen women with knitting needles or who had worn stockings made in a factory. The little needles, says the French philosopher, represent absolute civilization; in that civilization "woman's part rep-

resents the essential." We learn at our mother's knee not to pull our stockings on over our boots. That knowledge must be absorbed in childhood, together with the words that accompany the acts of knitting, wearing (and wearing out!) stockings.

Nothing equivalent to that knowledge can be added to us later, even if we should graduate from a technical school and become superintendent of the largest stocking-factory in the world. Knitting-needles may go out of fashion in our age of machinery. But women will go on talking about whatever in the life of the child corresponds to knitting-needles. In that respect, in the essential substance and manner, in the continuous applicability and timeliness of her talk, woman will be forever different from man. She will tend to her knitting, at least part of the day, because that is her nature, the job from which even the "emancipated" woman cannot escape, and she will at the same time knit with her tongue, knit into the child's brain, the brain of the human race, the texture of language.

One characteristic of woman is repetitiousness. She says the same thing over and over again. That is because the same object reappears many times a day and the same act occurs many times a day. If she were not repetitious the child would not get the benefit of constant drilling, a careless drilling which is usually accompanied by no sense of labor and discipline. The knitting may be labor but the talk is not. There is no denying that man, too, is given to repeating himself, often very tiresomely. He tells the same story an intolerable number of times and he says just the same thing about the election this year that he said about the election last year. But man's boring reiterations do not concern the child. The father warms over stale ideas which do not interest the child or help him very much to get on his verbal legs. The woman is naming and phrasing in the same old way experiences which are part of the child's life. She is a talking copy-book with the same sentence written over the entire page, and her sentence

is often more vital than the sentence in the primer.

If woman is more repetitive than man, she is also more conservative, less inventive. She is content with the language she was brought up to use. Man is the innovator and creator. He likes new wrinkles, new turns of phrase. Did any woman ever originate one of the current sayings, or really "modern instances" that go the rounds for a while and die of overwork or became permanent in the language? I know of but one word coined by a woman. Lord Chesterfield says: "I assisted at the birth of that most significant word *flirtation,* which dropped from the most beautiful mouth in the world, and which has since received the sanction of our most accurate Laureate in one of his comedies."

On the lowest plane of smart contemporaneity it is the man who makes or brings home the latest slang expression, picked up from his friends, or the theater, or the sports pages of the newspapers. On the highest plane it is the man who expands the literary language, or

gives shape and genius to a popular language, as Dante did for Italy and Luther for Germany. The woman tends to keep the language of her children pure, pure in the linguistic expressive sense as well as the moral sense. She maintains for her children the integrity of whatever language, the King's English or a local dialect, has been handed down to her by her mothers. Though she may have little learning of the bookish kind and may speak badly, as many mothers do, it is her effort, her instinct, to make the speech of her children correct. It is more often the woman than the man who holds up a rebukeful finger of discretion lest the children overhear not only ideas from which the big ears of little pitchers should be muffled, but wrong words, slang, or something a bit stronger.

I once overheard, with the lofty amusement of the uppish male, a mother admonish her child not to say, "you bet!"—not because she thought it immoral to bet, but because she said that "bet" was slang. The lady was partly wrong. "Bet" is classic English, good enough

for Shakespeare. But she was partly right. For "you bet," meaning "certainly," "of course," "sure, Mike," is American slang, originally from California. The lady did not know that, and I knew it only because I had happened to look it up in the *Century Dictionary*.

But no matter what the right or wrong of the history and usage of any single word, that mother's instinct was right. She wanted her child's speech to be polite, as she wanted his manners to be nice and his clothes pretty. Any woman may be mistaken as to what to keep out of the household vocabulary, as she may be mistaken about what to keep to herself. She is notoriously a divulger of secrets, without reticence, too often unerringly accurate in saying the wrong thing in the wrong way at the wrong time. But that is a charge that unreasonable man makes against her; it does not at all vitiate her good influence on her children. And it is one of her many contradictions that while she often seems to talk inopportunely and too abundantly, she is quite

as often strangely reticent, modest, afraid to speak out, shrinking from the explosive candor of the male. But she knows her essential business, or Nature knows it for her. Intelligently or ignorantly she goes on with her special task of teaching the young.

This particular function, like any other function designed for a purpose or blindly adapted to it, may run wild, discharge itself in undesirable directions. Woman's peculiar kind of talkativeness may operate when there is no proper object, when there is no child to be taught, or when the child has grown up and gone out of range of her voice. It is a case of natural energy running over. The impulse is the same. But the specific aim of the impulse is lacking. This accounts for the talkative old woman who has no child to educate but regards the whole immediate world as her school. Her tongue continues to be hinged at both ends and the middle, to the annoyance of the old man and others within earshot. But the old man should remember that she is still naturally a mother, that she was born with this

faculty and disposition for the sake of children who may never have come to her or who are themselves parents with children of their own and the same old problems. The officious grandmother, who of course is a mother-in-law, is a familiar comic, sometimes tragic, figure. Woman is the learner and teacher of primitive values. If there is no youngster to whom she can authoritatively and advantageously teach those values, her nature does not change. She works beyond her appointed time like a mill-race that must run though there be no wheel to turn.

If the woman is the preserver and mistress of elementary language, from which almost all poetry and beautiful thoughts are derived, how does it happen that the greatest masters of language are men? There are several answers, none quite conclusive. It is partly because she is the learner and imparter of first principles, of primary knowledge, and there she stops. In school the girl often leads the class. The boy beats her later, after school days, and once in a century becomes a Shakes-

peare or a Newton. Another answer is that of all the arts it is literature, the art of words, especially fiction, in which women have most often excelled.

The woman has not yet been a Shakespeare or a Newton or a Michelangelo or a Beethoven. She is not a profound and daring creator. Her best work in literature is subtle, observant, delicate, humorous. It has the merit of being free from corruptions of substance and manner for the same reason that it has the fault of being secondary, not amazingly original, adventuresome, trail-blazing, epoch-making. The woman cherishes what has been tried and found good. Eighty years ago Thomas De Quincey, one of the great masters of English prose, pointed out the "purity of female English." He thought that to find the language in its native, unspoiled beauty we should have to break open the mail-bags and read the letters written by educated women, especially *not mothers,* but unmarried women over twenty-five, because they have more time for cultivation and correspondence. He could have

found an illustration in support of this belief not in the letters but in the novels of Jane Austen, which were beginning to be read a few years before De Quincey's essay. One might start a young lady's library with the novels of Jane Austen. And there would be no danger that under the influence of those exquisite humorous stories the young lady might grow up prudish or old-fashioned. Indeed, reading Jane Austen, the spinster aunt of English fiction, would help the young lady to be a young lady, would sharpen her wit and make her more alert to the fun of modern life.

Do the young ladies of our time, or the old ones, fill the mail-bags with examples of pure, delicate, "sinewy" English? Or is their knowledge of the epistolary art limited to picture post-cards with scrawled commonplaces? It would be impossible to say unless one risked getting into trouble with the United States Post-Office and pried into feminine confidences. The love letters which are sometimes read in court are not as a rule models of composition. But one thing is certain: upon them,

the ladies, depend the purity and expressiveness of every-day English (or some other language), which the children are to speak and write. For this responsibility the ladies might take conscious and careful thought. But for the acquisition by the children of some sort of working language, pure or impure, women need take no thought at all. They have only to keep on talking. And they will.

# *Chapter Six*

# *WOMEN AND MORALS*

FEMINISTS have said repeatedly and with some resentment that this is a "man-made" world. In a sense this is true, for many of the superstitions and fallacies about women have been the creations of man's romantic imagination. The male invented and apotheosized the Perfect Woman, the Pure Woman, the Angel in the House. He also made the other image of woman, the grotesque caricature of her as witch, she-devil, man-trap, child and mother of sin. All the ethical and religious systems and mythologies (with the possible exception of Christian Science) have proceeded from the brains of men. It pleased man, or displeased him, to conceive woman in certain ways. If her body was not originally extracted from his by a costal operation, the accepted likeness of her was formed in the womb of his mind. He projected the picture and she acknowledged it as true even when it was ugly and distorted. When it was a lovely

portrait representing her as the goal of his quest, the dream of his dream, she regarded it with all the delusive pleasure of Narcissus. The artist, botcher or master, was man, just as he was law-maker, myth-maker—and often mendacious mischief-maker. To this extent, a considerable extent, woman has indeed lived in a man-made world. But feminists have so abused "man-made" that it is now a charity patient in the Hospital for Incurably Crippled Words. They forget that God, or Nature, or whatever powers lie outside us are largely responsible for the construction of this world and of us, including our lies and blunders.

To understand women as they are, or at least to try to understand them, we may advantageously glance back at their history. Since it was man who made the records, history itself is full of lies and blunders and deserves the contempt of an eminent manufacturer of motor cars. But it is all we have to rely on for some explanation of how we got this way.

There were in the western world six fairly distinct ages of women, considered as social,

moral, intellectual creatures. The first was the Biblical-Judaic and its immediate successor the Pauline-Christian. In this tradition the cardinal virtue for all human beings, especially women, was obedience. This virtue covered a multitude of sins and merits, including chastity and marital fidelity. The dominant idea was that woman, poor wretch, should obey her masters, do her proliferous duty, and that man was the deputy sheriff of the Almighty, appointed to keep her in order. This idea persisted into modern times and is expressed most offensively, because of its high moral tone, in the neo-Hebraism of the Reformation and Puritanism, which are still working in this world. A good expression of the ideal of obedience is to be found in that superb poet and harsh, tyrannical man, Milton. In *Paradise Lost,* Book IV, lines 481-491, Eve recalls Adam's pursuit of her, in a combination of romantic amorousness and masculine egotism:

"Thou, following, cried'st aloud, 'Return, fair
Eve;

Whom fliest thou? Whom thou fliest, of him
thou art,
His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
Substantial life, to have thee by my side
Henceforth an individual solace dear;
Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim
My other half.' With that thy gentle hand
Seized mine: I yielded, and from that time see
How beauty is excelled by manly grace
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair."

The submission of our General Mother is complete and abject in the lines further on in the same Book, in which the couple retire to their bed of roses for repose and purely religious ecstasy:

Thus Eve with perfect beauty adorned:—
"My author and disposer, what thou bids't
Unargued I obey. So God ordains:
God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her
praise."

From that stupidity Milton rises to one of the most magnificent love poems ever written, such as any lover of either sex in any time or

clime would be glad to chant. I quote it for the joy of remembering it, though it lies outside my argument:

"With thee conversing, I forget all time,
All seasons, and their change; all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the Sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glistering with dew; fragrant the fertile Earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming-on
Of grateful Evening mild; then silent Night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair Moon,
And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train:
But neither breath of Morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising Sun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glistering with dew; nor fragrance after showers;
Nor grateful Evening mild; nor silent Night,
With this her solemn bird; nor walk by moon,
Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet."

There seems always to have been a contradiction between man's poetic devotion, his romantic yearning for sweet solace and comfort, and his proprietary brutality. His insistence on obedience to Himself by somebody else, especially woman, has had a bad effect on his character and has confused and weakened the character of woman, her inside nature and her outer circumstances. Obedience might be an absolute virtue if there were an Absolute of whose decrees we had a clear copy attested by the Clerk of the Celestial Court. In default of that, obedience is only a relative virtue depending on who is to obey and who and what is to be obeyed. Obedience often merges into cowardice and servility. It is necessary under some conditions in which effective organization for the good of all concerned depends on pulling together at the command of a single voice. Soldiers who do not obey their officers increase their own dangers, assuming that the officers are competent, but a general disobedience of all soldiers and officers, their refusal to serve criminal governments would be an excellent thing. A certain amount of obedience

must be required of children, but a too obedient child is a nincompoop and will never amount to much. The duty of the individual to the state is fully and finally disposed of in Thoreau's masterly essay on "Civil Disobedience." An earlier anarchist, Shelley, put it more sharply and less philosophically in *Queen Mab:*

Power, like a desolating pestilence,
Pollutes whate'er it touches; and obedience,
Bane of all genius, virtue, freedom, truth,
Makes slaves of men, and of the human frame
A mechanized automaton.

The superstition that woman's obedience to man is a virtue still persists among religious women, even those who believe in the economic and political freedom of women but sit at the feet of priests, parsons, and rabbis. The woman who repeats the word "obey" in the marriage ceremony, and *means* it, is giving her soul away. The promise to love and cherish, which often cannot be kept, is at least not indecent and degrading but is the expression of a fair hope. Obedience has been called the first

law of heaven. It is certainly not the first law of earth and not a wholesome law unless modified by a courageous antinomianism. It would seem that women should know and feel this, for they have been the most unhappy sufferers from obedience in its pernicious aspects. An honest masculist who wishes women to be all that they can be is sometimes discouraged by the feebleness of women's rebellion, their chasing after mere votes and other paper trifles; he prays that they may, as the few best of them do, stand up, fight for realities, and defy civil and ecclesiastical authority, which is overwhelmingly masculine. Morally the western world is still in bondage to ancient Hebraism, and millions of women are the docile victims —and eke millions who call themselves men.

Almost contemporaneous in time with the growth and triumph of Hebraism was Hellenism, which we may call the second age of western women. It is at once more masculine than Hebraism and corrupted by an effeminate weakness to which may or may not be in part due the decline of Greek civilization. The

Greek view of women was a strangely split vision. The Greek wife was a breeding animal, closely housed and uneducated. Greek men found intellectual and even intimately physical companionship in other men. Athens in its most brilliant period had more men of brains in proportion to the free population than any other community of which history has knowledge, while the married women and their daughters were as obscure, ignorant, and undistinguished as the ladies of a harem, though not so idle. The wives and daughters were debased, while the only free women were the hetairæ, the courtesans, foreign women. They were either the exclusive mistresses of great and prosperous men or a select order of prostitute, stronger than the laws which applied to common prostitutes and wielding considerable influence somewhat like that of the mistresses of French kings and other monarchs. The most famous are Aspasia, guide, philosopher and friend, perhaps literary collaborator of Pericles, and Phryne, whose name became the common term for her class. There

were poems and statues to these privileged, beautiful and intelligent women, but not one, so far as I can discover, to wife or daughter. The only Greek master who made women real persons and expressed their point of view was Euripides, whose advanced ideas Greek men did not like though they admired the poet.

In the heroic age of Homer women were held in esteem and honor, though in the *Iliad* it is the face of unfaithful Helen that launched a thousand ships, and the noble epic begins with the childish skulking of Achilles because his captive girl is taken away from him. [A modern general who behaved like that booby would be court-martialed and shot.] To the geniuses of the golden age of Greece Homeric civilization was as remote as the Middle Ages are to us. The brilliant Athens of the fifth and fourth centuries has a blazing cluster of great names, but like a ripe apple nourished the worm of corruption that was to kill it, and a modern feminist may see that the fatal worm, or perhaps one of several, was the degradation of decent women. The Greek attitude toward

woman was not ideal nor primarily a question of personal goodness; it was directed to the insurance of sound stock and legitimacy for the good of the state. In some ways the Greeks forestalled the latter-day eugenists, especially in Sparta, and in the more intellectual centers their fruits, by which they are to be judged and by which they still live, are superlatively fine. Yet whenever we look back at a golden age with admiring regret it is well to remember that there was much pinchbeck with the gold, and it is just to call as silent witnesses the women and other slaves who wrote no poems, laws, or philosophies.

One may erroneously imagine that the Greek housewives and protected lawful breeders were resentful and envious of the Aspasias and Phrynes and dreamed that they, the wives, might have been as great and intelligent (as no doubt some of them were beautiful) if they had had a chance to share the culture of men. But apparently Greek wives simply accepted their condition and were probably comfortable enough in dull security such as is observable in

some women in our times and is one of the most exasperating obstacles to genuine and progressive feminism. It was true then as it is now and always has been, that women free in body and spirit are more interesting than the conventionally obedient. It was also true then as now that enforced and cloistered virtue is no virtue at all, is no more an expression of character than the obligatory continence of a prize cow guarded in a stable. Only the free can be good and decent in a responsible meritorious way. We cannot possibly be good unless we have a wide opportunity to be something else. It was not until recent times that "respectable" women were allowed to show what they really could be when they were thrown on their own resources of intelligence and character, and so far they have shown nothing conclusive.

The position of Greek women suggests several questions. Is the subordination of women, provided they are decently treated, as Greek women probably were, altogether a bad thing for society as a whole? Is the subjection of

the wife to the husband's intellectual life and prosperity necessarily detrimental to her interests, to the interests of the family and the state? Can a man find intellectual companionship in the woman he meets every morning at breakfast? The Greek man could not and he did not try. And the hetairæ were not his only refuge and inspiration. He found his equals in men, and that will always be so, even when the relationship is not corrupted by other than intellectual intimacies. Men, and women too, usually prefer to talk with men; and stamina of character is better nurtured in male than in female society. Fortunately both associations are possible. Was the sacrifice of woman's character and mind necessary to the incomparable intellectual distinction of Greek men? Or did they fail to cultivate a partner who would have helped rather than hindered their lofty art and profound speculations? The answer to the last question would in our time in northern countries be overwhelmingly in the affirmative. When Socrates-Plato talks about the superiority of the pregnant mind to the

pregnant body, one feels like asking the philosopher whether a live woman cannot express the richness of her nature in both ways, in perfect accord with the Greek ideal of a sound mind in a sound body. And an unphilosophic inquirer, receiving no answer, may be moved to throw a bomb into the Symposium, shatter the wine glasses and send the philosophers, some of them past lucid articulation, home to their families.

Greek art, literature, and philosophy had a strong influence on Rome and on us, both before the Renaissance and after, for Aristotle became *the* philosopher of the Middle Ages and there is also a strong Platonic current in Church philosophy. But the manners and customs and laws of the Greeks had almost no influence in Europe and do not affect us as do those of Israel and Rome. Rome, civil and ecclesiastical, is living in us yet, and the Roman attitude toward women is immediately germain to the question of the present position of women in its social and ethical aspects, especially in Latin countries. The Romans gave us

the word virtue, which is by derivation (from *vir*, man) exclusively masculine, meaning valor or manly courage. Though the word in its secondary sense in Latin came to mean any kind of merit or goodness, it is doubtful if Cæsar who thought his wife should be above reproach would have thought of her as a "virtuous woman," unless indeed she was that in the male sense of the word. Some of the original Latin connotation lingers in the French, though in that modern child of the Latin language the word *vertu* as applied to women has the same special meaning as in English.

What seems to us backward in the position of woman in Latin nations, their tardiness in accepting such a simple and self-evidently right thing as the political enfranchisement of woman, to which other countries have come, is in part due to the Roman tradition. To a Frenchman equal suffrage is a joke rather than a danger, and his attitude toward it is expressed in the familiar sneer about the family of the future where all the men shall be chaste and all the women brave. The influence of

French women of the upper classes, their power behind the throne and behind the scenes, is an old story, and so is the capable equal partnership of the wives of little tradesmen in their husbands' business. The modern Latin woman has authority in the foyer and the market-place but she must keep out of the halls of legislation. This is a straight inheritance from the Rome of the Cæsars which is even stronger in France than the Rome of the Popes; indeed it is fear of women's subservience to clerical authority that makes even liberal Frenchmen hesitate to open the polls to them.

In the greatest days of ancient Rome, the Republic and the early Empire, women were morally responsible and morally free, as they have not been in Christian countries until the last century. Roman matrons, though debarred from politics, were strong in the land, were not without substantial written and tacit property rights, and never suffered the humiliation (if such it was ever felt to be) to which the guarded Greek ewes were subjected. There

were in the great days of Rome women of real virtue in every sense of the word, even militant rebels. When a law was passed limiting the amount of gold they should own and the color and ornamentation of their dress and forbidding them to ride in carriages within a mile of the city, the matrons stormed the houses of the conservative politicians and threatened violence, which made old Cato the Consul deliver a rebuke full of foreboding but won the support of Lucius Valerius the Tribune. The ladies carried the day.*

Wives and mothers of public men hold a high place in Roman history. They were educated, enterprising, and of great fortitude. History notes also some vicious ones, adept at treachery and murder, like Nero's mother. There were giantesses in the days when Rome was really "grand." These powerful women left no immediate successors, for Jewish Chris-

* For this and some adjacent information, though not for the phrasing, I am indebted to the generally excellent book of John Langdon-Davies, *A Short History of Women,* which every intelligent woman should know.

tianity suppressed Roman women and some other noble Roman things. What descended was not their virtues and liberties but the severity of their discipline and duty which fitted very well with the discipline of the Church.

The fourth age of women, which especially concerns us of the so-called, ineptly called, Nordic races, is the Teutonic. While the Mediterranean civilizations were flourishing or were passing their meridian into a decline, some of our ancestors were in a state of savagery in the real sense of the word; that is, they lived in the woods, had no cities, and were nomadic hunters and warriors. It is not quite true that they were throwing stone hatchets at each other, as Mr. Dooley says. They had their arts and a highly developed tribal system, laws, morals, and a poetic religion. Tacitus and Cæsar both testify to their integrity and decency, Tacitus using them to point a moral for luxurious Rome. The women were not badly treated, but simply shared the hardships of the common life, doing heavy work so that the men might be in shape for hunting and fight-

ing. Prostitution was unknown; monogamy was the rule and was lived up to. The inviolability of women can be inferred from Cæsar's admiring statement that among the young men of Gaul it was a disgrace to have known a woman before the age of twenty. When young men are chaste, young women must be. Marriage by capture was common, but more common was marriage by purchase, which was an honorable transaction and was at least as dignified as modern marriages for money. The gift of the bridegroom, cattle, arms, utensils, trinkets, went direct to the bride and was hers for keeps. The virtues of "primitive" people are sometimes made a half poetic cult by modern writers who are tired of civilized life with its perversions and artificialities. But the most prosaic account of Germanic origins reveals a sturdy honest people who respected each other's property and persons. It was, perhaps, better for a woman's mind and body to live in a German forest than in the house of a citizen of Athens or Corinth. Some of the health of the Teutonic forest people must be in the mon-

grel blood of Europe, but their religion was obliterated by Christian Rome, and their moral traditions disappeared, because morals are only the customary way of life and we do not live in the woods, even in America.

The fifth age of women lies in the long period without definite terminal dates between the decline of Rome and the Renaissance, a period of about ten centuries called accurately the Middle Ages and not accurately the Dark Ages. This period has been misunderstood ever since the men of the Renaissance, looking back to the ancients, gave the intervening world a bad name. Even to-day "medieval" is a term of reproach as used by people who have no knowledge of history; it will be thrown at you if you are even mildly skeptical about any modern advancement, such as feminism. The women of the Middle Ages were submerged and subjugated, as were most men. But it may surprise some readers, as it surprised me, to read these words of the eminent scholar, Thomas Seccombe: "Women were capable of many things in the Middle Ages. English rec-

ords show them to have been physicians, churchwardens, justices of peace and sheriffs, and, according to a satirist, they were also priests." Moreover, women did read and hear poetry and romance, listen to music, and play musical instruments and sing. The great dames were patrons of poets, musicians and artists. Medieval men, like some men of to-day, were too often engaged in public affairs and private business to cultivate the arts, though the outstanding artists were men. We are speaking of course of the upper classes; the herd, male and female, was ignorant, though it developed folk song and story. The intelligence and responsibility of many women of the Middle Ages reacted upon their morals. Authority, civil and lay, policed them and punished them. But they succeeded by strategy and cunning, and developed as competent a race of liars and intriguantes as the world has ever known. Their life put a premium on dishonesty which has not been wholly removed. They were subject to the stern discipline of the Church and to the injustices of the celibate

clergy and the possessive laymen, who having enjoyed women to satiety blamed them for disillusion, exhaustion and the morning after.

But there was also throughout the Church and all society a strong pagan streak. Chivalry in poetry and in fact is largely pagan. The natural paganism of people persisted through the ages of faith, and when the Reformation knocked the last joys of paganism out of the Church, then the Church began to lose its hold; by curtailing its open or tacit freedom it limited its own influence. Nonconformist reform and narrow and austere piety within the Church closed down over Europe, a darkness fighting the blaze of the Renaissance and finally putting it out or at least half smothering it; cynicism succeeded faith. And in this change women were caught. The worst degradation of women is to be found not in the Age of Chivalry but in the Age of Reason, which in some ways corresponds to the growth of the Greek intelligence at the expense of woman's intelligence. The attitude of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries

toward women and, as consequence and corollary, the conduct and moral imbecility of women were worse than in the late Middle Ages and the Renaissance.

For women as for other lovely things the Renaissance was the most brilliant age before the new Renaissance of the Nineteenth Century. The secular paganism of the Renaissance fought the tyranny of Church and State and for a time freed both men and women (of the upper classes, *bien entendu*); and a modern woman in her freedom of thought, freedom of action, and even her iniquities can join hands more comfortably with the women of the Renaissance than with most of the women since, down to the last century. It was perhaps more instructive to be a lady listening to the tales of Boccaccio (who is too little remembered as the first historian of women), or a maid of honor in the court of Elizabeth than to be presented at the respectable court of Queen Anne. The woman movement of the Renaissance was blotted out, so completely that most people, even learned feminists, seem

never to have heard of it. The movement in Italy was for its time surprisingly in advance of anything that Italy, except a few enlightened Italians of our time, has known since. It was moral and social rather than political and it was most of all literary, for women read and could hold their own with men in general culture. They acquired and practiced almost openly a degree of freedom in sex relations, not necessarily improper, never enjoyed before and brought the passionate and poetic Italian man to their feet. The disappearance of this movement, or, if it was less than a movement, of this expression of freedom, was simply due to the general intellectual decline of Italy.

In the later Renaissance in Elizabethan England, a time of superb intellectual vitality and *joie de vivre*, women played an important part; their learning and wit, their more than sentimental and pulchritudinous attraction are again and again attested by the male writers of the time; and necessarily they were honest as they have never been since until day before yesterday. The women of Shakespeare are

conventional enough and the comic heroines are despatched cavalierly into marriages that would not suit a modern woman, but they had freedom of a sort and with all allowance for poetic enhancement, they represent Elizabethan England. Their profligacy and wantonness are largely a Puritan slander. Puritanism spread a pall over that hearty and expressive life, and the reaction from Puritanism was not a wild return of license for men or for women, but the triumph of cynicism and outward respectability.

These several ages are here loosely defined and were in point of fact never clearly successive one to the other or sharply divided by time, race or distinct religious tradition. From them the present day is descended and only by a glimpse at the past do we know where we stand. It may be that a future historian trying to find a tag for our ecclectic and multifarious life will call it the Age of Biology. Science is too broad, meaning almost nothing. But biology, more than any other of the inseparable subjects that compose human nature and

the understanding of it, is emergent and fundamental. Knowledge of biology is explaining ourselves to ourselves, and it includes the near-sciences, psychology and psychoanalysis. When a woman knows how she is made she knows better how she can act. The old ideal of chastity which got erected into a heavenly virtue was indeed based on a biological fact and an accompanying ignorance, fear. There is nothing holy about virginity and chastity; they are precious primarily because a violation of them by a woman may entail practical disaster. The use of contraceptives, which is widely known, even in countries where there are absurd laws against spreading information about it, has to some extent removed fear, and has substituted will for accident. This promises some gain for the safety of the coming race and for the comfort, pleasure, and liberty of men and women. The modern woman is coming to know that her body and life, though part of a vast community, in some measure belong to her and that she has a right to do with them what she wishes and what she can,

so long as she does not endanger the well-being of somebody else, and sometimes when she does. There still lags on into modern life a good deal of religious, ethical and sentimental tradition about virginity and chastity as absolute ideals. Obviously they cannot be absolute virtues since motherhood is a contradiction and nullification of virginity, and this is a biological fact which is not changed by the words of ecclesiastic and civil authorities.

The value of the new purity, founded on knowledge and not on fear or on legal regulations, is that it places responsibility and choice fairly on the shoulders of the individual, man and woman. It releases woman from the superstitious contemplation of herself as a little rose planted in the garden of life to be plucked by the violent or the graciously permitted hand of man. That the new ideal has not made swifter progress is due largely to the conservatism of women. George Meredith, an early advocate of the trial or companionate marriage, noted that the social conflict between virginity and motherhood is at bottom a mat-

ter of civil and religious ceremony, of legal sanction which permits passing from one state to the other. He says in *The Amazing Marriage:* "These women get an aid from their pride of maternity. And when they can boast a parson behind them, they are indecorous up to insolent in their ostentation of it." The opposition between the ideals of virginity and motherhood was beautifully solved by the Christian Church, which made the mother of Christ a virgin and elevated her to divinity. In poetry this sublimation can be extended to Woman. In practice sound, dignified, and decent conduct can be safely posited on intelligence liberated from laws imposed by somebody else, especially on knowledge of personal hygiene and physiology.

Strangely enough the old ideological and superstitious ethics and ignorance of physiological facts persist even among intelligent women, women who have given thought to their problems and write well about them. I quote the anonymous author of an excellent article, "Feminism and Jane Smith," published

in *Harper's Magazine,* June, 1927, an article which, as the editor says, does go "frankly down to biological fundamentals." Amid much that is wise we read this: "A child is begotten from the positive impulse, the overwhelming desire of the father; whereas conception is a passive rôle. To put the case extremely: a woman, as we all know, may conceive a child not only against her will, but when her aversion from the man amounts to horror; she could even conceive a child in a state of complete unconsciousness; whereas no child was ever begotten except from the strong desire—albeit merely physical—on the part of a man. . . . That the race should go on against all discouragements, moral, social, sentimental, it was necessary that some instinct should be well-nigh irresistible. Nature endowed the male with that instinct. It was not necessary that the female should be endowed with it as well. It was necessary that women should be, generally speaking, capable of feeling sexual attraction; otherwise we should have the potential mother eternally eluding the

potential father. But the mere fact that passion on the woman's part is not in the least necessary to the conception of a child shows where Nature chose to lay her stress and bestow her consideration. Not only did she make the male stronger than the female; she made the reproduction of the race [my italics] *a matter, initially, of his impulse and his volition.*"

Here are indeed "biological fundamentals" —fundamentally wrong, or at least open to serious objection. It is true that some women who have children are passive, never come alive. It is also true that a man cannot play his part unless he is excited. But the favorable condition to conception implies passion on the part of the woman. The passive man can be momentarily stimulated by a concupiscent woman. A woman's desire is as volitional, imperative, initiative, spontaneous, as a man's. The fact that a woman in a merely receptive state *can* conceive does not show at all where "Nature chose to lay her stress and bestow her consideration." The impulse to the union

necessary for procreation often originates with the woman and is frequently assertive, even aggressive, though some women think it nice, modest and proper to deny this. There is no physical foundation for the romantic superstition that a woman bestows a priceless treasure upon a favored male for his unique delectation. Woman is the pursuer as well as the pursued.

When Jessie comes with her soft breast
And yields the golden keys—

it is likely, if she has had any experience, that she knows what she wants; and if she has had no experience, her nature knows for her. She responds and she also demands. That she *can* respond and give and receive with no desire except to please or obey the man proves—only that and nothing more.

Touching this question, Havelock Ellis says (*Studies in the Psychology of Sex,* vol. vi, pp. 577-8): "We also know on the authority of very distinguished gynæcologists, that it is not in very many cases sufficient even to effect coi-

tus, it is also necessary to excite orgasm, if conception is to be achieved. . . . Matthews Duncan (in his lectures on *Sterility in Women*) argued that the absence of sexual desire in women, and the absence of pleasure in the sexual act are powerful influences making for sterility. . . . Kisch more recently (in his *Sexual Life of Woman*) . . . reaches the conclusion that it is 'extremely probable' that the active erotic participation of the woman in coitus is an important link in the chain of conditions producing conception. . . . Some authorities go so far as to assert that, until voluptuous excitement occurs in women, no impregnation is possible. This statement seems too extreme. It is true that the occurrence of impregnation during sleep, or in anæsthesia, cannot be opposed to it, for we know that the unconsciousness of these states by no means prevents the occurrence of complete sexual excitement."

If men and women learn more about how they are made and forget as far as possible what law-makers and parsons have said, we shall be

on the way to a happier love life and a higher, more dignified morality. In this matter women can be and should be "morally" superior, if only because of their greater risks and responsibilities.

The illusion of ethical superiority with which women flatter themselves and with which men have flattered them is not warranted by the evidence. So far as woman *zieht uns hinan* it is mostly toward herself and not toward a wiser and better life. The saddest argument that some advocates of woman suffrage advanced was that woman by her purity and nobility and unselfishness would lift the ballot box from the slime, cleanse the foul waters of politics. The great feminists from Mary Wollstonecraft to Susan B. Anthony were never deceived by the pretended superior goodness of women. Mary scored her sisters heavily and Susan lost patience with them more than once, but stood squarely on the only firm fair ground, fifty-fifty equality of rights. It is impossible for women, millions of better women than there are now, to elevate politics

in any way in which men cannot elevate them, for they are not more pure or more honest than men, and politics as at present constituted and as recorded in the history of many centuries, seems incurably dirty. Neither can women be polluted by politics, because they carry their own pollution with them, just as men do.

Women are too young in politics, at least our kind, to have any general verdict passed on them one way or another. Mr. Walter Lippmann may be right in saying that they are diverted from the central issues of government to "a fringe of high-sounding futile petty issues," "toying with morality," and making vain attempts "to perfect the moral practice of mankind." We are familiar with this annoying weakness in women, for they exhibited it long before they had the vote and the right to hold office, long before the Nineteenth Amendment was added to the Constitution. A notorious example of the woman as interferer, sustained by ethical egotism and zeal to reform somebody else, is the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. This organization

boasts that it began or made powerful the movement which resulted in the Nineteenth Amendment's little neighbor, the Eighteenth. The W.C.T.U. is allied with the Anti-Saloon League, but it is different, for the League is a business concern with an ample pay-roll, whereas the women of the W.C.T.U. work for love rather than for money. They are dead in earnest, without hypocrisy, devoted to a Moral Cause.

The immorality of their morals is sometimes extraordinary, even shocking, and the confusion of their motives is matter for psychological investigation. The most dramatic of them, Carrie Nation, never questioned her right to destroy private property, and she did not dream that hers was an interesting case in the annals of sex. Alcohol had killed her husband, whom she adored; her love life was tragically ruined, and her thwarted passion, her sexual energy, checked in its natural outlet, found expression in her vengeful ax. Murder has been committed under somewhat the same emotional conditions. It would be instructive

to know, what we never can know, how many of these intemperate Christian women are suffering from some kind of sexual complication, from acute sex antagonism, which is due to the wine of love having turned sour. But the same acetic ferment shows in the faces, words and actions of other intemperate anti-alcoholics who are unquestionably or probably male, and in their case, even less than in the case of women, can one guess whether the cerebral disturbances above are referable to some excess or deficiency below.

It is probable that the rude indecencies of women seem worse than those of men only because of our old-fashioned notion that women are gentler. When the government of the United States put poison in alcohol not sold for internal use, many people, including some who approve prohibition, protested against this murderous method. But the World Treasurer of the W.C.T.U., who by her official position may be assumed to speak for the organization, in a public address supported the government in its application of the principle of law en-

forcement by poison. She put the blame on bootleggers and "foolish drinkers," on the "unregenerate drinker who has the poor sense to buy bootleg poison and dies of it." This serves-'em-right attitude, which fails to take into consideration the fact that some of the victims were ignorant youths, does not seem ladylike or maternal.*

The sincerity of these women is beyond question, and there is no doubt of the strength of their wills. It is their intellectual weakness, their bad judgment, which makes them seriously offensive and sometimes amusingly ridiculous. It was a member of the W.C.T.U., though not, I believe, the organization, who put through the Kansas legislature the anti-cigarette law, since repealed, and the weak-

* As this goes to the printer (January, 1930) the lacing of commercial alcohol with poison instead of gasoline and other non-poisonous or non-deadly ingredients which can be *re*-natured out, is being advocated again. And the whole prohibition problem is in a merry stew ten years after the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment. But it is not the witches alone who are stirring the cauldron and casting venoms into it; the wise wizards of government, on both sides of the pot, are uttering incantations.

minded men let her do it! Mr. Charles W. Wood, in the book I have already cited, tells us that in Marion, Ohio, in 1929, there was displayed on a billboard, not far from the tomb of the late Warren Gamaliel Harding, a pictorial advertisement showing a woman smoking a cigarette; the local W.C.T.U. was petitioning to have it removed.

Men used to express a quaint fear of the "strong-minded" woman, for men are cowards and their cowardice is the origin of the portrait of woman as temptress, gate of hell, virago, witch, she-devil. It is not the strength of woman's mind but its weakness that makes her untrustworthy so far as she is untrustworthy. Her most dangerous vices are negative, her traditional frailty and instability, as indeed most of the vices of men are flabby failings rather than positive criminalities. But there is a kind of brutal viciousness in some women which is dangerous and deadly. When she gets on a rampage she can be worse without alcohol than a man drunk. During the Wicked War it was the experience of many of

us, repeated often enough to warrant a generality, that the mildest, least revengeful utterances were from soldiers who had been there, the less humane and less reasonable from non-combatant journalists and fat fools in club chairs, and the worst of all from belligerent women who seemed to get a sadistic delight in vicarious slaughter. I have no confidence that women are peace-makers and that their gentle hands will lay down our weapons for us. They vary as pacifists or jingoes just as men do. When the National War Mothers' Association protests against a proposed reduction of naval armament, we wonder what kind of mothers they may be and we cease to envisage the spirit of peace as a female figure, except for the purposes of cartoon and sculpture, like Science, Justice, and Minerva the Goddess of Wisdom.

Woman's virtue has been so extolled and so denied, so rubbed into us and into her, poor soul, so narrowly identified with mere sexual fidelity or continence, that we have imposed an unfair burden on her. At the same time that

we have inflicted her with a "double standard," we have forgotten that there are other standards, that there are many important things in "morality" besides chastity—and refraining from murder and theft. In the major negative virtues, that is, in not being guilty of the major legal offenses, the criminal records of most countries show that women are better than men in ratios from 12-1 to 20-1. But life is not measured by the presence or absence of recognized criminality. Bulking overwhelmingly above the legally codified major virtues and vices are many which are really not minor but which laws and codes do not define. Since, therefore, we have no statistics about them, any assessment or assignment of them is a matter of pure speculation. I mention a few common qualities by way of example, with no great confidence that my answers, if unfavorable to women, are sound. Courage of endurance? Women have that, or we should not be here to tell the tale; but courage is largely founded on physical strength, and whatever the will, a woman's nerves are likely

to surrender before a man's. Patience? Patience, like courage—or almost the same thing—is a matter of physique and nervous stability; in this women are constitutionally inferior, but they rise superior because they have so much need of patience, and man often is the cause of the need. Coolness and presence of mind? In an emergency may there always be a man as witness, first aid, immediately on the job; he is less likely to get flurried and flustered, though he has an excellent talent for behaving like a scatter-wit. Tact? A dubious virtue in anybody, because it is suspiciously near to pussy-footing and gloved handling and is at its best when absent; it requires imagination and delicacy of mind, in which women are inferior. Frugality and thrift? Enforced virtues, if virtues at all, because men held the purse and the purses of most people have always been thin. The extravagance of women who have money is attested for the past in the biographies of princesses and for the present by a walk down Fifth Avenue, New York, or any other Luxury Lane, where the windows

are filled with female stuff, much of it useless but beautiful.

The moralizing masculist remembers that women have usually held the small end of the horn of life, that it is much pleasanter or less unpleasant to be a man than to be a woman. You have heard many girls wish they were boys, and you can witness in your own time the increasing emulation of men by women. You have never heard of a boy who wished he were a girl, though some boys should have been girls. In the graces of life, which are the exquisite part of morals and manners, women can be artists, and that is perhaps the finest thing that can be said of them. For these are the human bonds that leave us free. From some human bonds, which chafe, strangle, and impede, woman is struggling toward liberty, and any masculist would be glad to see them cut. One bond which is really knotted by human hands though it is imagined to be wound about us by invisible hands divine, is religion. Whether the word religion is derived, as it seems to be, from *ligare*, to bind, and whether

or not the bond is beneficent, as in "the bonds of sympathy," "the bonds of friendship," "blessed be the tie that binds," all conventional and established and official religion has been a throttling restraint upon humanity and especially upon the weaker half of humanity.

# *Chapter Seven*

# *WOMEN AND RELIGION*

used to say that religion thrives on the ignorance of children and the credulity of women. We are all, men and women alike, the ultimate product of an ignorant and ill-educated childhood. But it is obviously unfair to put upon women too large a share of responsibility for the continuance of ignorance. Millions of men, physically if not intellectually grown up, dwell in an African darkness, in a state of abject and fearful submission to ecclesiastical authority, and believe in prayers, miracles, the Devil, divine revelation, and celestial sleight-of-hand. It was not women, headed by some lady evangelist, who led the powers of darkness in Tennessee, but men under the leadership of the thoroughly masculine and once admirable William Jennings Bryan. And it was a legislature of men that passed the law against teaching evolution. Indeed, in that benighted commonwealth women, though for-

mally enfranchised, have had little voice in politics and legislation; probably the Southern States with their lingering tradition of chivalry and general intellectual backwardness will be the last to feel the influence of the modern woman or of the old-fashioned woman in new relations to public affairs. The southern man, the man everywhere, is boss of church and state, whatever the concealed and indirect power of women, and the man is directly responsible for the continuance of religious and civil superstition and tyranny.

Nevertheless it is true that women are more docile than men, more inclined to accept what preachers tell them, if only because most of the preachers are men; and women, however perverse and rebellious, are instinctively heedful of the voice of the male. They are made that way, and there is no real emancipation for them, no essential freedom of mind, so long as that instinct, or disposition, or weakness, or whatever it is, remains. Go into any church of any persuasion, and you will see at a glance that the women greatly outnumber the men.

A pious lady instructs me that this is because women are naturally more devout and pure of soul than men, the heathen! I am afraid this flattering explanation will not do. A more plausible explanation is that women are more susceptible to the teachings of preacher and priest, more amenable to the spurious consolations of religious flummery and the dubious promises of salvation and immortality. History records no great woman skeptic, except, perhaps, Harriet Martineau, no female controversialist with profoundly subversive ideas, no kitchen Hampton that with dauntless breast withstood the little tyrants of the altar.

It is true that men largely own and support the churches. The greater part of the wealth of the world is possessed or controlled by men, and naturally the major subscriptions to the church bear masculine signatures—probably in many cases at the behest of the wife. Men are docile in their way and contribute, if only as a matter of social routine, to ecclesiastical institutions, so that their women may attend services and their children go to Sunday

School. It is strange that men—we have all known more than one—are willing to expose their children to nonsense to which they themselves have long since been at least indifferent. It is the women who lead the children to it.

This is not a wholly masculine indictment; the really enlightened woman knows it to be true and has not a very high estimate of the intellectual independence of her sisters. Nearly a hundred years ago that remarkable rebel, Margaret Fuller, said in *Woman in the Nineteenth Century:* "Women are, indeed, the easy victims of priestcraft and self-delusion." George Sand held about the same opinion of her sex, and so have many modern feminists. In feminist literature there is a curious contradiction between a disposition to claim too much for women and a desperate impatience with the failure of women to stand up and assert themselves. In all the struggles of women toward freedom the worst enemy has been not in the camp of the lordly and hostile male, but in the feeble ranks of the sex itself. In 1896 Elizabeth Cady Stanton published the first

part of a "Woman's Bible," which was a commentary on the passages about women. The purpose of it was to show that the Bible is inimical to the interests and to the enlightenment of women. Then she found that most of her fellow-workers in the movement for equal suffrage were not ready for radical emancipation in religion. Susan B. Anthony had long been an unbeliever and was in sympathy with Mrs. Stanton's views, but she had her clear mind steadfastly on the one issue and she would not allow Elizabeth's "Bible stuff" or any other irrelevant matter to confuse the chief question. She knew by hard experience that ministers were in general the enemies of decency and justice, and she saw through that sanctimonious fraud, Henry Ward Beecher, with acidulous clarity. But she was an excellent practical politician—there was a streak of Lincoln in her—and she knew enough to let the dogs of superstition lie.

From the beginning the Bible is outrageous in its treatment of women, and so are most of the basic teachings of the other old religions,

and so is early Christianity, and so is later Christianity through the Reformation down to the present time. The religions were made by men and imposed upon women and men. And women accepted the religions because they had to, because they knew no better. But why in the name of any possible Heaven or God do they tolerate now a mess of tradition and theological buncombe which is offensive to the dignity of men and women alike and especially offensive to the true dignity of women? When we see all the churches deserted by women, then we can believe in the spiritual emancipation of women, which is immensely more important than such a trivial business as the vote. Of course we need not be told that many women, the advanced and admirable feminists, have come out of the benumbing twilight of the church into the sun or the harsh storm of reality. The smile of derision on the lips of the finest modern women is pleasant to behold and is even more adorable than the alluring smile directed to our masculine desires.

Just as it has been clearly argued that prohibition and a literal acceptance of the Bible cannot go together, so it can be argued that feminism, or even ordinary self-respect on the part of women, cannot be made to square with acceptance of the Bible or any religion founded on it. Many passages are positively insulting to women, and that means to all humanity. The subordination of women begins promptly in Genesis. Adam is created first and Eve is only a derivative. That is bad biology, and it is much worse in its implication, for it makes the male element primary and dominant in importance and authority. The scribes of Genesis were terribly fuddled. They had grass and fruit growing on the third day before they set the sun to shining on the fourth day. The creation was out of order to start with. The division into Night and Day on the first day is three days in advance of the creation of the sun. The stars are nothing but little also rans. The fish and fowl got started on the fifth day and on the sixth the other beasts. Then the Almighty was ready for mankind. The scribe

here has an inkling of the coeval nature of the sexes, for it is written that "male and female created he them." But that would not do. The man had to come first. So in the second chapter of Genesis Adam has a good start and makes the first dictionary, naming all living creatures before he has any mate at all. Then the Lord puts him to sleep (first case of anesthesia) and performs a sort of pectoral Cæsarian operation on him. So that Adam is the first mother, the first to give birth to another creature out of his own body. Now if either sex comes first in the production and reproduction of life, it is surely the maternal. The male is nothing but the fertilizer. A much prettier and more finely symbolic story could have been made if Eve had been created first and Adam had been taken from her side. And it would have been much more natural and poetic if, before or after the Universal Mother got her first big baby, she had named all living things—a task which Mark Twain, with superior imagination, assigns to her. But no,

Adam must come first; priests and scribes would have it so.

The subordination of Eve is clenched by the next event. In that episode our Universal Father plays a cowardly part. The serpent tempts Eve and Eve tempts Adam. One is rather ashamed of Adam. He does not stand up like a man and take an equal share of the responsibility, but hides behind Eve like a craven and whimpers: "The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat." To be sure, the serpent is ultimately responsible, and the two bewildered children in the garden are only victims. But they are punished; and note that God distributes the punishment with an inequality that at the very outset should have disabused our spiritual forefathers, the Jews, and their successors, the Christians, of the vain belief that there is justice in Heaven. Adam and his descendants are sentenced to hard labor for life, and it is not even hinted that part of that sentence falls on the woman, who has always done her share of the day's work. In addition to that

penalty, which is not mentioned, Eve is punished twice. "Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee." Even her desire is subject to the male fellow. Then there is the colossal edict: "I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception." That edict held as a matter of fact for many centuries until some doctors in the Massachusetts General Hospital discovered the use of ether and voided in part the benevolent divine decree. Even in a Salvation Army lying-in hospital the nurses and doctors are quick on the job and waste no time singing "Jesus, lover of my soul." It is rather disgusting to find Luther and other brutal heirs of the Old Testament rejoicing smugly in the suffering by which women pay for their pleasure. If one were not philosophic but thought only in the revengeful spirit of the Old Testament, one would like to knock such ruffians down and remove a couple of ribs—without ether.

The legendary account of creation probably represents the condition of Jewish women after the Mosaic laws were in force. A myth usu-

ally reproduces social customs and is made up to justify those customs by divine authority. This is the way we live, these are our laws; get God behind it all and nobody dare disobey. The specific laws of Moses are shamefully unequal in the treatment of women, because that is the way the Jews lived. In the tenth commandment, against covetousness, "thy neighbor's wife" is lumped with his house, field, servants, ox, and ass as so much property, which "thou shalt not covet," or, in the version in Deuteronomy, "desire." There is no provision for the possibility of the lady's desiring thee. If she does that, and follows her desire and is found out, she is likely to be stoned to death.

One's sense of justice, however, is satisfied when one reads that the guilty man was killed too. He was a thief poaching on the husband's preserves. In the Mosaic laws there is no provision by which a woman may divorce her husband. The putting away of the mate seems to be a masculine privilege, and the husband decides the case; if he finds her unclean (what-

ever that may mean) he writes her a bill of divorcement and sends her out of the house. Our crazy divorce laws are fairer than that, more than fair to the woman in the matter of alimony. The wife is no longer a possession of the man, as the God of Israel ordained. Fundamentalism and feminism do not live comfortably together.

The Mosaic laws governing child-birth are little short of obscene, though there is some crude sanitary idea at the bottom of them. The bias against the girl baby is grotesque. The natural, dignified, and, if you like, sacred function of bearing children was regarded as a disease, in spite of the fact that the Jews, wishing in self-defense to increase the numerical strength of the population, encouraged large families. As Mr. John Langdon-Davies picturesquely puts it in *A Short History of Women,* "The naked back of woman felt the sting in the Christian Church . . . of five lashes, and their names were Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers and Deuteronomy." These are some of the charming passages:

"And the LORD spake unto Moses, saying:

"Speak unto the children of Israel, saying, If a woman have conceived seed, and borne a man child, then she shall be unclean seven days; according to the days of her separation for her infirmity shall she be unclean.

"And in the eighth day the flesh of his foreskin shall be circumcised.

"And she shall then continue in the blood of her purifying three and thirty days; she shall touch no hallowed thing, nor come into the sanctuary, until the days of her purifying have been fulfilled.

"But if she bear a maid child, then she shall be unclean two weeks, as in her separation: and she shall continue in the blood of her purifying threescore and six days.

"And when the days of her purifying are fulfilled, for a son, or for a daughter, she shall bring a lamb of the first year for a burnt offering, and a young pigeon, or a turtledove, for a sin offering, unto the door of the tabernacle of the congregation, unto the priest:

"Who shall offer it before the LORD, and make an atonement for her; and she shall be cleansed from the issue of her blood. This is

the law for her that hath borne a male or a female.

"And if she be not able to bring a lamb, then she shall bring two turtles, or two young pigeons; the one for the burnt offering, and the other for a sin offering: and the priest shall make an atonement for her, and she shall be clean."

Thus it is explicitly set down that child-bearing is a defilement, and it is twice as dirty to have a girl baby as to have a boy baby. It might be thought that a self-respecting woman, having read that far in this book of bungled wisdom, would reject it *in toto,* except as we all value it for its literary and historical interest. It is clear that the Lord God of Hosts is not on the side of women and that he especially dislikes girls. One reason that many self-respecting women have been Christians is that they do not read, certainly not with a critical eye, the dreadful documents on which their religion is founded. They simply shut their eyes, open their mouths and swallow it whole. In Leviticus 15 we learn that a

man's seed is in itself unclean, so that if it go out from him he is unclean until evening. But the woman is worse; menstruation, a natural if unpleasant and uncomfortable thing, is a foulness which persists until the priest and the pigeons and the turtles make it all right with God Almighty.

Women continue to get the worst of it throughout the Old Testament. The Prophets and sacerdotal historians are patriarchs with a vengeance. There is a curious passage in Isaiah in which the prophet takes up cudgels for the poor and inveighs against the luxuriousness of women and promises disaster:

"Moreover the LORD saith, Because the daughters of Zion are haughty, and walk with stretched forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet:

"Therefore the LORD will smite with a scab the crown of the head of the daughters of Zion, and the LORD will discover their secret parts."

All their finery shall be stripped from them. But after a period of lamentation and desolation, there will come a day of regeneration:

"And in that day seven women shall take hold of one man, saying, We will eat our own bread, and wear our own apparel; only let us be called by thy name to take away our reproach."

This is odd! It looks like a feminist revolt with its demand for an independent property right in food and clothes. Yet these wild women must take the man's name as a shelter from reproach. Evidently they are not Lucy Stoners.

The prophets have a general grudge against the sex. Ecclesiastes finds one man in a thousand; "but a woman among all those have I not found." Sometimes, to be sure, woman is made a beautiful symbol, as in Jeremiah's "I have likened the daughter of Zion to a comely and delicate woman." But often the metaphorical suggestion is of weakness, uncleanliness, defilement, and temptation, and the word woman is sometimes a term of derogation.

As Israel became civilized, ceased to be nomadic and built fine cities, developed a culture and a literature, the rigidity of the Mosaic attitude toward women was somewhat relaxed, and the conduct of men was certainly relaxed, especially for kings, who are always privileged persons. That the high priests had their pleasures may be taken for granted, though naturally on that the records are silent. The story of David, however, is remarkably candid and complete. His morality is so shaky that if a story similar to his, about a modern man, were made the subject of a novel, the censors would give it a great deal of free advertising, especially in Boston. David added murder to adultery, murder in a very cowardly form, and it is the strangest thing in real or legendary biography that he should be the founder of the messianic house. For his sin the Lord metes out to him only a left-handed punishment by causing the death of his child, but promptly relents and makes him the father of Solomon. Solomon's conduct is not conspicuously rigid, though his multitudinous wives and concubines are all openly allied to him in

due accordance with the law, for he was the law. His name is given to the great beautiful sensuous love poem, which is absurdly interpreted in the chapter headings to symbolize Christ and the Church. "Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet, and thy speech is comely: thy temples are like a piece of pomegranate within thy locks. . . . Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins, which feed among the lilies." The Church? The scribes cannot succeed in straining that meaning out of those golden lines.

It would seem that the new dispensation, early Christianity, would be softer, less brutal in its attitude toward women, for Jesus is affectionate, gentle, forgiving, and includes even sinful women in his sweet charity. But unfortunately Jesus and his immediate disciples did not found Christianity. The practical founder was Paul, an ascetic, a misogynist, either in firm control of his desires or physically impotent. From him and from the Hebrew prophets, not from the humane teachings of Jesus, the Church fathers derived their

austerity. Paul is opposed to all forms of sexual intercourse and is responsible for the celibacy of the clergy. His utterance on marriage is nasty:

"I say therefore to the unmarried and widows, It is good for them if they abide even as I.

"But if they cannot contain, let them marry: for it is better to marry than to burn."

The arrogance of that "even as I" is sublime! Marriage, then, is simply a lawful means of relief. This narrow-minded man, who was forever prating about spiritual values, could find none in the love of man and woman. Christianity is an other-worldly religion, and this planet, which may come to an end at any moment, is merely a preparation for the hereafter. Paul, therefore, is indifferent or hostile to the problem of increasing and multiplying, which the early fecund Jews had faced as a matter of economic necessity and which the Roman Catholic Church later embodied in its teachings. In order to prevail by force of numbers, the faithful must populate the earth. Paul

ignored this practical consideration, and his doctrines, taken literally, would depopulate the earth as effectively as the universal use of contraceptives, knowledge of which is discountenanced by the Church and forbidden by the religion-ridden civil law. Paul's injunction to the Thessalonians that "ye increase more and more" seems not to mean increase by begetting but rather an increase of love and perhaps of converts. He is especially hard on widows, and one of his remarks, in the fifth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, expresses the idea which runs all through ascetic Christianity, that there is something incompatible between earthly love and devotion to the faith. "But the younger widows refuse: for when they have begun to wax wanton against Christ, they will marry." That is, it is unchristian for a young widow to marry again. Paul's monkish mind holds a low opinion of fine female garments and of the female teacher:

"In like manner also, that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shame-

facedness and sobriety; not with braided hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array."

"Let the woman learn in silence with all subjection.

"But I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence.

"For Adam was first formed, then Eve.

"And Adam was not deceived, but the woman being deceived was in the transgression."

What would he have thought of the vestments of the princes and princesses of the later Church and State, and of the intelligence of St. Bridget, the Irish Minerva, of St. Theresa, Crashaw's "undaunted daughter of desires"? Paul is an enemy of women and so is the early Church which he founded. Devout women may try to ignore this, but they cannot escape it if they will only read the Bible. In the Pauline view, the prevalent view which he not so much created as reflected, women not only are what they are, enticements from the path of masculine virtue, but seem to be responsible for being what they are, as if the good Lord

himself had not made them so. Paul insults women and he is positively indecent in his attitude toward marriage. If marriage must be, then woman's only salvation is complete submission to her husband. Feminists might consider these messages, in addition to those I have already quoted. In the fifth chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians the great exhorter writes:

"Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands as unto the LORD (*sic*).

"For the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the church: and he is the Saviour of the body.

"Therefore as the church is subject unto Christ, so let the wives be to their own husbands in everything.

"Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it."

Which are similitudes that only a theologian could compass. And quite the subtlest piece of complicated male egotism is this:

"So ought men to love their wives as their own bodies. He that loveth his wife loveth himself.

"For no man ever yet hated his own flesh; but nourisheth and cherisheth it, even as the LORD the church."

Paul is fearfully tangled up in his carnal spiritual perplexities and his forced assimilations of disparate ideas. With his unwitting lasciviousness he is a good case for Freud. Probably Freud and his disciples have handled Paul, but I happen not to remember or to have seen just what their treatment was. Paul is especially perplexed about virgins, and in First Corinthians, 7, modestly admits that "Now concerning virgins I have no commandment of the LORD." The whole chapter is the unconscious confession of a muddle-headed celibate. These are some choice sentences:

"But he that is married careth for the things that are of the world, how he may please his wife.

"There is this difference also between a wife and a virgin. The unmarried woman careth for the things that are of the LORD, that she may be holy both in body and in spirit: but she that is married careth for the things of the world, how she may please her husband."

In that sentence many a nun, bride of Christ, a disappointed woman, physically inept or sincerely devoted to the things of the spirit, has found consolation. But a robust married woman, who has done her share of good in the world and not forgotten either Christ or the baby in the cradle, might lift her maternal eyebrows and smile, perchance ironically.

The Church Fathers pursued and developed the boldly timid and bewildered inquisition of Paul. The woman was the gate to Hell. The symbolism of this idea is plain enough. Boccaccio gave it a ribald turn (no doubt the story was older than he) in his tale of the monk and the maid, "Putting the Devil in Hell." Woman was a man-trap. And it never occurred to those strugglers against the flesh, many of them doubtless honest and sincere and suffering the very Devil, that St. Anthony, an attractive man in pain (which always appeals to a woman), might have been as alluring to the ladies as the ladies were to him. The principle of a fair game simply is not there. The good fathers were in an an-

guish of thwarted, what it is now fashionable to call suppressed, desire, and the woman was to blame! A fundamental, though not openly confessed, ideal of Christianity is not only vicarious salvation, but a vicarious side-stepping of responsibility, the shoving off upon the other fellow, usually the woman, of the liabilities incurred by our own natures. Christianity is indeed, as Nietzsche thought, a religion for cowards. And the cowards have not been the women, but the men. The women have been only the submissive victims. When the women cease to be submissive, Christianity will crumble. The supreme satirist, Alexander Pope, technically a Catholic, but taking no stock in religion at all, wrote: "I never knew any man in my life who could not bear another's misfortunes cheerfully like a Christian." Christianity teaches us to repose the burden of our disabilities on somebody else, and on the way to the broad breast of Jesus, as the abiding place of our sins, is the bruised bosom of woman.

It is no wonder that with such a document

to start with the Church got badly muddled on the whole question of sex, theologically and ethically. Nothing could be more confused and obscure than the position of the female element in the multiple godhead. At first there are Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, a vague tertium quid, which seems to be masculine, for according to the earliest page in the New Testament, Mary is "found with child of the Holy Ghost"; the angel says to Joseph, "that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost." But this abstraction will not do. Gradually the Holy Ghost becomes identified with or supplanted by Mary herself. The cult of Maryolatry arises. The triplicate divinity becomes the holy family, Father, Mother and Son. Millions pray directly to the Virgin Mother. While Tertullian is calling woman the gate to Hell and Rufinus Tyrannius, the friend of St. Jerome, is painfully justifying the birth of Christ through the sexual organs, Mary the Virgin Mother is enthroned in the skies with God the Father and God the Son. This deifi-

cation of woman, however, means nothing in the position of woman on earth.

With the Renaissance and the Reformation there is a flicker of feminism. But it quickly dies. Luther, Calvin, Knox are as inexorable as the sternest Church Fathers and much less humane than St. Augustine and Clement of Alexandria. Luther out-Bibles the Bible. Calvin is harsher than Paul. Knox in his fatuous tract, *The First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women* calls women "weak, frail, impatient, feeble, and foolish." Presently the magnificent figure of that great statesman, Elizabeth, rose up, to smite the old fool into silence.

In the modern liberal churches, which do not believe much of anything, the old austere attitude toward women has relented like a candle in the sun. In John Haynes Holmes's Community Church probably everybody is a feminist of the intelligent sort. And we could go into Harry Fosdick's church without having our sense of personal dignity, male or female, brutally violated. Even the great

churches, orthodox Roman and Greek, nonconformist, Episcopal, Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, though they may keep the "obey" in the marriage service, unless the parson or priest is especially requested to leave it out, do not hurl the Old Testament at their best customers nor stress the less pleasant parts of the New Testament. If they did, and if women understood what they meant, there might be a real revolt of the angels. For angels nowadays are feminine.

# *Chapter Eight*

# *A GROUP OF NOBLE DAMES*

MOST of the great women of the world were not feminists; they died before feminism was born. In *The Century Dictionary,* which was published in 1895, "feminist" does not appear at all, and "feminism," marked with the sign meaning obsolete, is laconically defined as "the qualities of the female." The *New English Dictionary* (Oxford. The "F" section, 1901) feebly repeats, "the qualities of the female," and "feminist"does not appear. If the qualities of the woman are what makes feminism, then feminism is as old as the history of the race; and the ladies of yesteryear, the heroines of the *ubi sunt* poems, make strong contribution to modern feminism by showing what women can do. Any great woman is an argument for feminism, even if what we mean by the word might have made her fling up her hands in holy horror and pack off some outrageous huzzies to a convent or a worse place.

There have been many widely celebrated women, so many that one knows not which to select for a brief celebration. The gallery of great dames may be likened to a special room in a museum, off a main hall crowded with portraits of men (I am aware that museums are not divided that way). In this room there are not so many portraits as in the larger gallery, there is not so great a variety. Yet it is a rich room, and many of the casual visitors and most attentive students are men, even though most of the subjects are not nude but often ruffed up to their ears. The student who is searching for "the qualities of the female" will have a hard time finding them; indeed he will ask, in the words of Artemus Ward, "What air those?" There seem to be no predominant Feminine Traits; indeed there are a perplexing number of reasons why these portraits are collected here. Our feminist friend who knows all about art and, as often happens, is spoiling the show with too shrill explanations, might go out into the main room for a while and look at the portraits of men. It is only a step through

that door, which is no door at all but a wide and lofty arch.

To wreck our highly artistic architectural metaphor, when we try to make a dividing line between the characters of the sexes, the best we get is a gray blur; if we draw it black it will be as boldly indifferent to reality as the course of a trunk line on a railroad map. The qualities of the female, especially the emergent, selective qualities of eminent women? A mere matter of counting yields one generality. Among distinguished women there is a greater proportion than among distinguished men of writers and of noble and royal persons. The writers we have accounted for by the fact that of all intellectual pursuits literature has been the most widely open to women, and women have had the talent to follow it. The queens and noble persons can be accounted for quite simply. Women with no advantages of birth and circumstance have had much more difficulty than men in exercising their talents, in working up by sheer ability from obscurity to success. A woman born to

place and power can show at once what she can do, and in education and opportunity she is almost on equal terms with her royal or noble brother. Elizabeth could be queen, but even if she had had twice the ability she never would have had a chance to try what she could do in the places filled by William and Robert Cecil. That, I think, suggests a fair explanation of why the great queens equal the great kings in personal distinction, though not in number and not quite, as Catherine of Russia complained, in opportunity.

The first queen in literary history whose rebellion against masculine authority should make her a heroine to feminists is Vashti in the Book of Esther. (I have to thank a brilliant literary feminist for advising me that Vashti should be in this book.) Vashti was the wife of King Ahasuerus, the Xerxes who ruled Persia in the first half of the fifth century before Christ and almost conquered Greece. He was a powerful ruler and a powerful drinker. He gave to the princes of his realm and their servants a lavish feast, which lasted seven days.

The king was an amiable host who wished his guests to be happy; "the drinking was according to the law; none was compelled"; the officers of the palace were commanded to "do according to every man's pleasure." Vashti also made a feast to the women. On the seventh day, when "the heart of the king was merry with wine," he commanded his eunuchs to bring Vashti before him, "to show the people and the princes her beauty; for she was fair to look upon." Vashti refused to come and the king was wroth. His counselor advised him of the danger of Vashti's disobedience: she had done wrong not only to the king but also to the princes and the people; knowledge of her defiance would "come abroad unto all women, so that they shall despise their husbands." This revolt must be killed before it was born.

So the king commanded that Vashti should be dismissed from his presence forever and her estate given to a better woman, and a decree was published throughout the empire that "a man should bear rule in his own house." Thus

Vashti's private rebellion resulted in a stiffer discipline for other women; rebellions which fail are likely to make things worse than they were before. Vashti is succeeded by the beautiful Jewess, Esther, and passes from history. She lives only as the indirect cause of the elevation of Esther, who made good use of her power. We wonder what became of Vashti, who was lovely enough to exhibit to the guests of the king. We wonder, too, if the feast which Vashti gave and which had been going seven days was a "banquet of wine," and if her disobedience owed something to vinous courage. However that may be, Esther was the instigator of the revolution that returned the device of Haman upon his own head, put Mordecai and the Jews on top and resulted in the slaughter of seventy and five thousand of the enemies of the Jews. Vashti without knowing it had started something.

Vashti lives in the world of myth, of which only poets have real knowledge. Other queens dwell in the world of fact and their lives are fairly well documented, for history takes

pretty good care of royal records. Some queens are rulers in both the realm of fact and the realm of myth. There is no doubt that they lived in the flesh and did this and that at such and such a time. But legend and romance have transformed them into something more beautiful than their contemporaries conceived. Such was Cleopatra. The name sets the imagination afire, and the image is the figure that Shakespeare made, a creature of flaming and inflaming passion and, as only the master knew how to make her, a woman of golden words. Dryden's play, *All for Love,* which is only less splendid than Shakespeare's, accentuates the one motive, as the title implies, compacts all the action into a single moment. It is not dwarfed nor even rebuked in its bold competition with the older poet. Bernard Shaw's *Cæsar and Cleopatra,* with its preface which was once thought to be clever, adds nothing to Cleopatra and little to Shaw.

Behind the playwrights stands Plutarch's life of Antony, which is the food of Shakespeare's fancy; and it is not raw food but is ex-

cellently refined by a great biographer, a great artist. Some of Shakespeare's poetry is but an additional refinement of Plutarch's prose in North's translation. There are surprising things in Plutarch, surprising if you have not read them before, things which the poets neglect. Consider this prosaic statement: "There were few of the barbarian nations that she answered by an interpreter; to most of them she spoke herself, as to the Æthiopians, Troglodytes, Syrians, Medes, Parthians, and many others, whose language she had learnt; which was all the more surprising, because most of the kings her predecessors scarcely gave themselves the trouble to acquire the Egyptian tongue, and several of them quite abandoned the Macedonian." There is no doubt that she understood the language of Julius Cæsar and Antony, even when they were not talking. She must have begun her linguistic studies early, for she was only thirty-nine when she died, and facility in language is not acquired in adult life. She was a woman of real intellect, not merely of quick and subtle

wit; there was brain under her charm. As to her charm Plutarch, who is not especially friendly to her but sees her entirely from the point of view of Antony's wrecked career, gives the testimony that was current in his time; this was a century later, but records and reports lost to us were still extant and fresh. "Her actual beauty, it is said, was not in itself so remarkable that none could be compared with her, or that no one could see her without being struck by it, but the contact of her presence, if you lived with her, was irresistible; the attraction of her person, joining with the charm of her conversation, and the character that attended all that she said or did, was something bewitching. It was a pleasure merely to hear the sound of her voice, with which, like an instrument of many strings, she could pass from one language to another."

She was an intellectual woman and a very busy one, with a splendid physical energy which was not all spent in riotous living and luxurious loving. The picture of her as Venus in seductive recumbence—the famous scene on

the golden barge—is only a holiday affair for theatrical effect. Most of the time she was in no such languorous posture but was alert and active, and she insisted on playing the part of general or admiral with Antony in the battle of Actium. When he wished her to retire to Egypt and let him do the fighting, with her ships, men and provisions added to his own, she argued justly, though the result was disastrous, that she was not inferior in prudence to any of the kings serving under him, that she had governed a great kingdom by herself alone, and with him had gained experience in public affairs. It was more than the desire to be with her lover that impelled her to command her fleet. And it was as Queen of Egypt, Antony's ally, rather than as his mistress, that she abandoned him at Actium when he was losing. The principal reason that he was losing, it should be remembered, was Octavian.

The love motive in the story of Antony and Cleopatra is powerful enough when it is reduced to its lowest terms. It is a perverted reading of history to neglect other motives.

These Romans, whose hearts Cleopatra captivated, were politically her captors and her enemies and the enemies of her country, however much they fought with each other. She was playing a game for Egypt, and of course for herself. She began her game when, "a girl, young, and ignorant of the world," as Plutarch calls her, she induced Julius Cæsar to make war on her brother Ptolemy. It is doubtful whether the great Gaius Julius was really seduced by her fascinations or was playing his political game to hold Egypt. It is certain that her brother was killed, that after she had removed another brother by assassination, she was sole nominal ruler of Egypt, and that she lived with Cæsar in Rome as his acknowledged mistress during the two years before his death. When potentates play at love, war, and politics at the same time, there is sure to be a confusion of motives. Whether Cleopatra loved Antony or simply used him until he proved useless cannot be surely determined; it is possible that she both loved and used him. One story is that Octavian, who

was not won by her blandishments, proposed the assassination of Antony, and that she contrived a false "suicide-pact," as a modern headline writer would call it, and that Antony kept his part of the agreement, thinking that she had already kept hers. But Plutarch says nothing of such an agreement. Antony was already at the end of his tether, for his ships and cavalry had deserted to Cæsar and his foot soldiers were defeated. He cried out that Cleopatra had betrayed him to enemies he had made for her sake. She, afraid that he might do her mischief, retired to her monument and sent word to him that she was dead. Then he inflicted on himself a wound which was not immediately mortal. When he learned that Cleopatra was not dead, he had himself taken to the outside of the monument. Cleopatra and her women pulled him up with ropes, "Cleopatra, with all her force, clinging to the rope, and straining with her head to the ground."

So Antony dies, and Cleopatra's last words over him are words of love. But it is not for his death that she dies. Cæsar tried to keep

her alive for her property and for the show she might make in his triumph at Rome, but he made her fair promises which she knew were false. Then she applied the asp to her breast and died, the victim not of love but of the fortunes of war and conquest. So it is in Plutarch, and Shakespeare has followed the Greek biographer faithfully, only—a tremendous only!—heightening the original with his incomparable poetry. For he and none before him wrote the imperishable words upon which perished Cleopatra:

> Peace, peace!
> Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
> That sucks the nurse asleep?

Cleopatra was full of guile; treachery and murder can be urged against her. But she is one of the great lovers, among the greatest in all history and romance, and her death ennobles her. Her spirit was admired by her last earthly enemy, Octavius Cæsar, to whom Shakespeare gives these words:

Bravest at the last,
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.

Cleopatra was every inch a queen to Shakespeare and so to all the English-reading world after him. Fifteen centuries later than Cleopatra lived one who was greater than a queen but whom Shakespeare (or his predecessors or collaborators in *Henry VI*) vilified in a way that would have disgraced the poet if the play had not been an immature production based innocently enough on one-hundred-per-cent British patriotism. Jeanne d'Arc has an amazing number of unique, exclusive distinctions in life and in literature. The greatest of poets slandered her. One of the supreme rationalists and satirists, Voltaire, scurrilously misrepresented her. For more than four hundred years historians almost wholly neglected this most fascinating figure in history; then toward the middle of the nineteenth century the publication of Quicherat's *Le Procès de Jeanne d'Arc* gave to the world for the first time the unimpeachable documents which reveal her

life and character fully and finally. As Mark Twain justly insists, no other life so remote from our time is known with the certainty and comprehensiveness with which we know hers; "it is the only story of a human life which comes to us under oath, the only one which comes to us from the witness stand." Louis Kossuth noted this imposing singularity: since the beginning of recorded human history she is the only person, man or woman, who ever held supreme command of the armies of a nation at the age of seventeen. Her military skill is vouched for by her fellow-commanders, d'Alençon and Dunois, and modern writers on tactics speak highly of her generalship; her achievements, in their ultimate results for France, speak for themselves.

Moreover she is the most eminent of all heroines of history or romance, perhaps the only one of anything like authentic record, whose biography includes no love story of any kind, either unlawful or innocent. She never made any such lying appeal for mercy as she is represented as making in Shakespeare's play, on

the plea that she was pregnant. Before Charles permitted her to take command of the army, a commission of doctors examined her and found in her no evil nor anything contrary to the Catholic faith, and a jury of matrons pronounced her a virgin. She was rapt in sublimity with her eyes on heaven and on the welfare of France and had no room in her thought for earthly gratification or personal ambition.

Joan of Arc (as we awkwardly anglicize her) is the only woman and the only person of lowly birth who ever stood closest to a King at his coronation. She is the only woman who can truly be called Deliverer, savior of her country; and it is no detraction from her glory that after her death it took twenty years of fighting before the Hundred Years' War came to an end and the English lost their French possessions. In real patriotism, in freedom from self-seeking, she stands with a few great captains, with Washington and Lee. She died in defeat, but she triumphed after her death, as a person, as a leader, in a way that more than answered her ultimate prayers. She was

a girl, and she cried, it is said, when she was wounded, as many a man has cried. She confessed that she was afraid of the fire that was to burn her at the stake; if she shuddered at the imminent flames, so do we shudder five hundred years after and hear the last shriek of that tortured body in the streets of Rouen. Jeanne d'Arc is the only saint on the calendar of the Catholic Church for whose condemnation and death officials of the Church were largely, though not solely responsible, notably the scheming Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais. It may be that some expert hagiographer can cite a somewhat similar case of condemnation followed by reversal of judgment, rehabilitation, and canonization, but history seems to show nothing in the least like it. In 1456, only twenty-five years after her execution, the sentence pronounced upon Jeanne was revoked by the Pope. And since then Catholic writers have generally argued for the divine inspiration of her visions. In the nineteenth century a Jeanne d'Arc cult became popular in France, and for the purpose of confirming the union

between patriotism and Catholicism a movement was started to have the greatest national heroine enrolled among the saints; finally in 1908 the decree of beatification was published in the Vatican.

The "visions" or "voices" of Jeanne d'Arc are the only matter about which there has been great dispute, and obviously it never can be settled. Quicherat, who had no religious predilections, accepted them on the only ground on which they can be accepted, her own account of them. The important fact is that, however modern psychology may explain the Voices, she believed in them as coming direct from God and was moved by them to do what she actually did, to inspire a beaten and discouraged army to almost fanatical zeal. They were part of her personality which won and persuaded those who were friendly or at first indifferent, and made her enemies fear and hate her. The Voices were the immediate cause of her undoing, for they laid her open to the charge of witchcraft and heresy; if God was not her ally and the source of her visions, then

she must be in league with the powers of darkness. Belief in witchcraft was common, it was a favorite crime with the Inquisition, and she was only one of many victims, both men and women; witches and wizards alike are condemned in the Bible, so that the Inquisition could cite chapter and verse. Jeanne's incredible deeds—a slip of a girl fighting with brain and body at the head of an army—were prima facie evidence that she was superhuman or was supported by superhuman powers; it was convenient for her French and English enemies to regard those powers as evil.

Her real guilt was that, though a prisoner, she was potentially a military and political menace to Burgundy and the English; the formal charge against her was only a pretext to be rid of her. Her life, as spread open in the records, including her own unquestionably veracious story of herself as she gave it at the trial, is astonishingly full, clear and credible, yet it is inexplicable. Especially inexplicable is the conviction, which she testified came to her when she was fourteen, that she had a mis-

sion to free France from the English. For not only was she ignorant with the ignorance of a child living remote from the great world but she was illiterate; she never learned to read or write but had the help of a clerk to guide her hand when she signed portentous documents, the list of accusations which was practically her death warrant. Perhaps she heard her father and his friends talk about the war, which had been going on so long that everybody knew about it. He was a peasant proprietor in comfortable circumstances, not the crude peasant whom in Shakespeare's play she disowns, nor the *reicher Landmann* of Schiller's romantic drama. She learned religion from her mother, learned of St. Michael, St. Catherine, and St. Margaret, whose voices she heard, and whom she was to join in beatification as St. Jeanne.

Jeanne had no love affair and she could not write. Three centuries before her lived her countrywoman, Heloise, who is known only for her one pathetic love and for her letters to her lover, Abelard. Heloise was not a queen

nor a maker of ermined kings, but Abelard in his scholar's gown was one of the kings of thought; it was his eminence which gave interest to the story while it was being lived and which kept it alive through the ages. Yet such are the whims of fame that for seven hundred years, until the nineteenth century, he was remembered as the lover of Heloise rather than as the thinker who established the scholastic method of philosophizing. Thousands of people have read the letters of Abelard and Heloise to one who ever heard of his learned dialectic; the universal passion is more entertaining than a universal idea. Before he was forty he was the most famous lecturer on philosophy in his time. From his chair at Notre Dame, Paris, he discoursed to crowds of students who flocked to him from all the nations of Europe. His personality, his looks, his voice, his engaging manner of expounding his thought won him so much admiration that he began to believe himself the only philosopher in the world. Then Cupid shot a wicked dart

at this imposing person and all but wrecked his shining career.

Near Notre Dame lived Heloise in the house of her reputed uncle, the canon Fulbert. She was twenty years younger than Abelard, and was pretty, intelligent, and well educated, knowing not only Latin but something of Greek and Hebrew. Abelard fell in love with her, and there is no reason to doubt the genuineness of his love, whether or not he abused it and took unfair advantage of youth and innocence or simply lost control of himself and followed his passion to its ultimate delight and disaster. He deliberately sought to win her love and made himself a welcome inmate in the house of Fulbert, who was flattered to have so distinguished a man as his guest—and a paying guest. Abelard became the tutor of the intellectual and lovely girl; the courtship was a meeting of minds and of hearts. He says that under pretext of study they gave themselves up to love. "In the dead of night, when Fulbert and his domestics were in a sound sleep, we improved the time proper with the sweets

of love." Abelard made one foolish mistake: his vanity in the conquests of love was as overweening as his pride in his professional triumphs; he boasted struttingly of his love, wrote and circulated verses about it, and soon the whole neighborhood knew—everybody, that is, but Fulbert, who could not have been more blindly trustful if he had been Heloise's husband. But he too finally had to see what was going on just under his nose, and sent Abelard out of the house. The lovers continued to meet in secret, "but the transports were not long," he says, for Heloise told him that she was pregnant.

Abelard took her to Brittany, where she gave birth to a boy. To appease the anger of Fulbert Abelard proposed to him a secret marriage, and the canon consented. But Heloise would not agree. She argued that marriage and a family life would interfere with his studies, and in the great letter written years later she reaffirms her position with a boldness and intelligence and independent devotion worthy of the best feminist thought of to-day

and amazing in a convent-bred girl of the twelfth century: "I knew that the name of wife was honorable in the world and holy in religion; yet the name of your mistress had greater charms because it was more free. The bonds of matrimony, however honorable, still bear with them a necessary engagement, and I was very unwilling to be necessitated to love a man who would perhaps not always love me. . . . How often I have protested that it was infinitely preferable to me to live with Abelard as his mistress than with any other as Empress of the World." In the twelfth century it was not unlawful for a priest to marry, but marriage was not approved by the Church and was a serious hindrance to advancement. Abelard insisted on the marriage, and to keep it secret, Heloise retired among the nuns of Argenteuil. Fulbert, however, would not keep the secret; he announced it, evidently to save his niece from the tongue of scandal. Then Heloise told her magnificent loyal lie. She denied the marriage, and Fulbert believed her incapable of that deceit and as a consequence he believed

that Abelard had put her in the convent to get rid of her.

So Fulbert takes his barbarous revenge. Says Abelard: "He bribed my servants; an assassin came into my bedchamber by night, with a razor in his hand, and found me in a deep sleep. I suffered the most shameful punishment that the revenge of an enemy could invent; in short, without losing my life, I lost my manhood." Thus evirated and humiliated Abelard sought refuge in a monastery; but before that he was, as he confesses, overcome with jealousy, and to "disappoint all rivals" he obliged Heloise to take the veil. For ten years no word of love was spoken between them. But he must have seen her, for he had her made head of a new religious house of which he was spiritual adviser and which he visited. Her life was exemplary and she was loved and esteemed. He continued his professional career, fighting his enemies in fierce philosophic controversy. At the end of the ten years, when he is nearly fifty and impotent and she is under thirty and still blooming, there falls into her

hands a curious autobiographical letter, written not to her but to a friend, the purpose of which was to console the friend, who had suffered a loss, by narrating his own misfortunes, his *Historia Calamitatum* ("tale of woe"). Heloise says she found her name in it a hundred times and that anything from him belonged by special privilege to her. She wrote him the first of the famous letters. Suppressed passion and adoration unabated rush out in spontaneous eloquence. Her contrition is all for his sufferings. She confesses her sin but in her heart she is not repentant. "I have renounced life and stript myself of everything, but I find I neither have renounced nor can renounce my Abelard. Though I have lost my lover I still preserve my love." She begs him to strengthen and comfort her, to help her to give her love to God.

No lover ever received a finer, more touching letter, and no lover was ever more perplexed to know what answer to make. His reply is in a sermonizing tone, with an oppressed sense of guilt. Love is a "troublesome employment"; he has striven to be free of it

and exhorts her to free herself from passion. His letter ends on a desperate note of death; he will give orders to have his body sent to her and hopes that she will be willing to have her cold ashes buried near him. This premature damp shroud does not subdue her ardor, but evokes the second passionate letter, which Alexander Pope's version eviscerates with exquisite skill. She is tortured not by her own pain but only by the ruin of Abelard. She is unselfish and unrepentant. "All the poor comfort I have is that I am not the voluntary cause of your misfortunes. I have not betrayed you; but my constancy and love have been destructive to you. If I have committed a crime in loving you so constantly I cannot repent it. . . . I made no use of those defences of disdain and honor; those enemies of pleasure which tyrannize over our sex." The splendor of this supreme surrender means nothing now to the poor mutilated man but only increases his discomfort. She writes to him again, more repentant and resigned. In the midst of her writing a letter comes from him, the contents

of which we can guess only from her reply. She tries to brace him up. "Let me see no more in your letters, dear Abelard, such murmurs against Fate; you are not the only one who has felt her blows and you ought to forget her outrages. What a shame it is that a philosopher cannot accept what might befall any man." That shrewd thrust at the practical worthlessness of philosophy does him no good. In his final letter he commands her to write no more, preaches a funeral homily on their dead earthly lives, invokes the fear of hell and the hope of heaven and bids her farewell forever. In their death they were not divided upon this earth; he was buried at the Paraclete, the oratory which his pupils had built for him in the wilderness, and twenty years later her body was laid beside his. After having been removed several times their bones finally rest together in the Cemetery of Père-la-Chaise, Paris. The conspicuous Gothic tomb is more than a memorial of two old unhappy lovers; it is a symbolic monument to Love.

Heloise was thus the first of French women

who have left immortal letters—a kind of feminine literature in which France has been richer than any other nation. The original Latin (said to be very good Latin) was first published in Paris in 1616 and was soon translated into French. Ten years later, in 1626, was born the unrivaled queen of letter-writers, Madame de Sévigné. Hers are love letters indeed, but they do not deal with the grand passion, in the usual sense of the words. Madame de Sévigné's passion is for her daughter, an almost insane adoration, not the less touching because the daughter was unworthy of her mother's worship. It may be that Madame Sévigné's love is sexual emotion diverted from a more normal expression by the early death of her unfaithful husband whom she loved more than he loved her; there is no record of her having loved any other man, except her none too satisfactory son. But this is not to say that her love for her daughter was abnormal, or that she was not wise and fortunate in having for her friends more women than men. Her excessive maternal love, if it

was excessive, is fortunate for us, for it gave her the impulse to write her spontaneous letters, the best of which, though not all, are to her daughter. Though not a conspicuous leader in the great world, she shone in the brilliant seventeenth century, brilliant in literature and in the best specimens of the privileged class. She was near enough to the busy world to make intelligent comments on it and she was far enough from it to be interested in little domestic matters of momentous importance. Her life was sad enough and full of disappointments but it was not tragic; she went through it with good cheer and gay humor and in good health until near the end. When she wrote, she was in her best mood, in the high spirits which make the pen run, which make possible a vivacious entertaining letter—if the writer knows how to write.

And she did know how; she was a born and bred writer, though she seems to have had no ambition to try any of the formally artistic modes of literature and she did not belong except in her young widowhood to the *Précieuses*

whom Molière made *ridicules*, the blue-stockings who were in their time an expression of feminism. Apropos of her and of Madame de Maintenon a modern French critic says: "Women have always excelled in writing letters, and, among men, those who have had the natures of women, both in defects and in merits." That is an "intriguing" generalization, which sets one to thinking of the great letter-writers in English. Among the practitioners of the Gentlest Art, in our language, only one woman, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, is among the best, though other women wrote many good letters. Is there a feminine streak, be it failing or virtue, in the supreme letter-writers, Howell, Gray, Walpole, Cowper, Lamb, Byron, Thackeray, Dickens, FitzGerald? Add whom you will, and note that these were all professional men of letters, known for something besides their correspondence. The French critic would have been safer if he had said simply that in France women have always excelled in writing letters.

Sainte-Beuve comes near to explaining this.

He notes that critics, especially foreigners, who have most severely judged French literature of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries have unanimously recognized that the dominant spirit was "a genius for conversation and society; a knowledge of the world and of men; a lively and acute appreciation both of the becoming and of the absurd; a curious delicacy of sentiment, grace, piquancy and finished politeness of phrase." Well, Madame Sévigné had all that, the very stuff of good letters, and her own peculiar, inexplicable genius, her delightful and admirable character, which must show itself in an intimate letter, in six hundred letters. And she touches so many subjects that she gives us a picture of her times, an honest one, we may be sure, for she never lies or poses or writes for conscious effect. She has a gift for narrative which deliberate makers of tales might envy. In a day when public newspapers were lacking or empty, the letter was a private newspaper, and it is not surprising that professional historians treat Madame de Sévigné with grateful respect. Her letters

were passed round among the friends of her correspondents and she knew it, for her friends told her so. She probably enjoyed the game, but she never became self-conscious on that account. She was an artist only as conversation in that time was a cultivated fine art and good letters are good conversation, or monologue, written down. She is, for all the difference of time and of temperament, a sister as well as a countrywoman of George Sand, in her maternal affection, her zest, her love of nature, which was not so common then as it was in a later romantic period. She was unlike George Sand in her aristocratic indifference to the welfare of the common people. She makes sport of having discharged an old footman because he refused to help harvest the hay when the crop must be got in and the estate was short of field-hands. She is almost cruel in her account of the mutiny of the Breton peasants, when men, women, and children were horribly punished and men taken at random and not duly convicted of anything were hanged. She finds the hanging "quite refreshing." But

that was the spirit of her time and of her class; she belonged to her *milieu* and shone brilliantly by its best intellectual standards, but in social vision she was neither above nor below it. Except for her great, pervasive obsession, her love for her daughter, expressed in the same or different terms a hundred times, she is best in little things, most vivid, charming, and amusing, in casual comments on events and persons, often with a neat satirical touch. From it all emerges a writer whom Sainte-Beuve places beside her contemporaries, Molière and La Fontaine, and a woman whom modern free women might place near the head of their company, an independent and original woman, who wishes inscribed on her "convent" only the words: "Sacred liberty," or "Do what thou wilt."

Also at the head of that company, beside Madame de Sévigné, should stand her intimate friend, Madame de La Fayette. Like Heloise, Madame de La Fayette was mistress not of a temporal king but of an intellectual prince, the duc de la Rochefoucauld, author of the

famous *Maximes*. There was nothing tragic in their relations, perhaps nothing that is called "immoral"; the liaison between the misanthropic epigrammatist and the young woman who said she "reformed his heart" was widely known at the time and approved for the devotion and sincerity on both sides. His maxims, which were finished before he could have been much influenced by the lady, are anti-feminist but no more so than they are generally misanthropic. He said he had found love nowhere but in novels and had never experienced it himself. A saying which Byron borrowed from him and which now seems mild enough is: "In the first passion women love the lover, and in the others they love love." If Madame de La Fayette did not reform his heart she did something more important: she reformed the novel. The age had been reading artificial, sentimental, long-winded romances and inevitable parodies of them. She killed them with *La Princesse de Clèves*, short, simple, true to human character and action. We of the English tradition like to think of Richardson as

the father of the modern novel of sentiment and character, and so he was founder of the novel on a large scale. But a Frenchman will justly object that the history of the modern novel begins with *La Princesse de Clèves* in 1678. Brevity is part of the soul of Madame de La Fayette's wit, and she, of the sex which is supposed to talk too much, said that one sentence struck out of a book is worth a gold louis and one word is worth twenty francs. And unlike Madame de Sévigné, she hated to write letters. Her style and the honesty of her subject matter are, of course, part of her nature, and confirm what her elderly lover de la Rochefoucauld said of her, that she was the most *vraie* (genuine?) woman he had ever known. Praisers of women who enjoy finding not merely something that women do as well as men but something that no man had ever done before can point with pride to *La Princesse de Clèves*, the novel which brought into fiction good sense, decency, proportion and unexaggerated sentiment.

In that age of France, when, to make a two-

line caricature of it, every nobleman had a mistress and every mistress had a nobleman if she could get one, it is noteworthy that the three most remarkable women are remembered for their intellectual attainments, for the art of writing rather than for the art of love. Madame de Maintenon may have been, as her enemies charged, a schemer, but she schemed legitimately in a straightforward way and her virtue was above reproach. She became not the mistress of Louis XIV but his legitimate morganatic wife. Her elevation to a left-handed queenship was the reward of her real virtues, her modesty, industry, intelligence, good humor, qualities which Louis discovered when she was governess of his children by his mistress Madame de Montespan. She knew life on all sides. She had been bitterly poor in childhood; she had been married young to the old comic writer Scarron and nursed him until his death, so that she was acquainted with the literary celebrities and acquired a taste for literature; and she was quick to learn the ways of the court and the character of her royal master.

The extent of her influence on him and his policies has been disputed; probably it was considerable, though concealed and indirect, and it was undoubtedly on the side of prudence and moderation. Louis' ministers discussed public business with him in her presence, in her cabinet, but how much was concealed from her is not known. She was not responsible for the revocation of the Edict of Nantes or the persecutions of the Protestants, though as a good Catholic she approved the enforced conversions that resulted. Of her use of personal patronage and the playing of favorites there is no doubt.

Any abuse of her power was more than compensated by one splendid undertaking in which the king liberally supported her, the foundation at St. Cyr of the school for girls. Here she showed her genius as a teacher and director of education. Her good heart and her fine vigorous intellect were in this work, and she continued in it unmolested to the end, even through the political turmoil that followed the death of Louis. Not only could she teach; she

could write about her teaching, and her letters on this subject are a classic in the literature of education. She was ahead of Rousseau in time, and in some respects he never overtook her. Modern students of pedagogy have learned more than one thing which is expressed in de Maintenon, especially the need of confidence and sympathy in enforcing discipline. Literary criticism finds in her letters a distinguished style, easy, accurate, concise, with the natural eloquence of good sense. "*Madame de Maintenon a une expérience sûre et profonde de la nature humaine et des tempéraments individuels.*" She had lost her illusions, but she cherished the illusions of the young, their "individual temperaments"; and that is a wisdom which is both literary and maternal.

Among French novelists, the supremely maternal woman, the child of illusions repeatedly lost and repeatedly renewed, is George Sand. This maker of romances is herself a heroine of romance. In a closer sense than is applicable to many novelists, she lived what she wrote and wrote what she lived, and her stories constitute

a voluminous autobiography, true and honest, but true to the world of which she dreamed and which she never found on this earth. She is candid, courageous and observant, but she is no "realist." She was intensely personal, yet she was as unselfish as a human being can be; she desired freedom and happiness for the whole world and she did all she could to make her immediate world free and happy. Her individual revolt was the only kind of revolt possible. Freedom meant the kind of freedom that men had, the right to earn a living with the pen, to wear men's clothes, to smoke cigarettes (matters which modern women have settled and take for granted). She sought freedom along the masculine highway, because the feminine way was a blind alley. Modern feminism strives to break that blind alley through and widen it into a boulevard to a broad *place de dames,* from which lead ample byways and connections with other boulevards. George Sand was not a profound economist or politician; but she was a whole woman movement in herself.

Is there any woman in literature whom we know so well? She wished her life to be an open book and she spent thousands of words trying to make it so. The material is all there, in her own writings, and in the memoirs, letters, biographies of others. The life of Sappho lives in a few fragments of verse and a shadowy legend. Mary Wollstonecraft is fairly well known and is remembered for one book. Gentle Jane Austen and the exquisite nun of English poetry, Christina Rossetti, may almost be said to have had no lives outside their beautiful work, nothing of which the biographer can make a story. George Eliot, who had a profounder mind than the French George, is not interesting, not in the least charming as a woman. She did attract men of talent, but by all accounts she was not comely, not fascinating. What could there have been to do in her presence, except talk, or better, listen? Elizabeth Barrett's romance can be told in a few words; it is immortal in the *Sonnets from the Portuguese,* but it is not illuminated by the interminable Browning letters, which are intel-

lectually dull and reveal no hitherto unseen glory of the heart.

George Sand had all the gifts that a woman can have, brains, strength and beauty of a sort. If that little body was not Helenesque or Junoesque and if some of her admirers found her features imperfect, her blazing eyes that "devoured her face" are still incandescent in the surviving portraits. Her intelligence nobody can question, even her bewildered contemporaries who were bowled over by her earliest successful novels and had not time to recover breath before she astonished them with another and another. Her genius is self-secure, no matter what faults criticism has found in plot, character-drawing, a too rapidly improvised style. Her strength is simply overwhelming. In the long story of her seventy-two years there seems to be no record of a serious disease; she had headaches (and plenty to cause them!), but her health was on the whole excellent. She could run her house and nurse the sick and teach her children and write all night. This emotional creature could keep her

wits about her in any emergency; her nerves were *nerve*. She had in reserve an inexhaustible energy for the demands of love, her own and her lovers', and for the greater demands of suffering and patience which love exacts. Regarded simply as a literary craftsman, a professional writer doing the day's work, she is marvelous. Compared to her the prolific Anthony Trollope is a fat comfortable old loafer.

As woman and as writer she is incredible, and yet as a matter of fact there she is, abundantly and clearly recorded. Biographers tend, I think, to put too much emphasis on her love affairs. In her rich and varied life sexual love was only part and not an excessive part. Her love life was a series of findings and of failures, of disappointments—like many other lives. Her love of men was only one manifestation of her immense maternal passion, which embraced her grandmother and all children and all nature and animals, including the animal children called men. She was not promiscuous, but chastely, exquisitely particular

in what she demanded of love and never found. She gave more than she received, for she was always lovable while some of the objects of her affections were not. Her ideal was an even and fair exchange between two equals who understood each other. But this ideal was never realized; she did not find her equal in love. She was again and again dashed to the depths of disillusion, yet she was never long embittered. Two of her lovers were men of genius; it seems that, however desirable equality may be, one genius is enough in any menage, and she had enough genius for two. She did not cultivate her genius at the expense of the other fellow. To the contrary, she did what she could to foster and promote the genius of de Musset and Chopin, and de Musset resented her work and interfered with it. Chopin and de Musset were weak men in spite of their genius. She was a strong woman in addition to her genius. Writers about music, admiring Chopin, sometimes exalt him to her discredit. To say, as did the late and rapidly fading James Huneker, that the composer was one of

George Sand's amatory chain-gang is only a piece of newspaper wit which amused the ignorantly smart. She was indeed a better man than her lovers. But a dictum like that in praise of her can be misunderstood. She was intensely, wholly, in her strength and her weakness, a woman. Mrs. Browning's well-meant tribute, "large-brained woman, large-hearted man," conveys a naïvely unwitting suggestion of hermaphroditism.

A recent biographer, Mrs. Marie Jenney Howe, says: "To the modern mind, it is evident that George Sand's real fault lay not in her lack of submissiveness, not in her insistent spirit of revolt, but in the fact that these qualities were embodied in a woman where they did not belong, rather than in a man where they would have been deemed admirable and even distinguished." That may be slightly ironic. It is true of George Sand, as of many another genius who rises above the herd, of every forward-looking dreamer who is miles ahead of the crowd, that it is not the genius but the times that are out of joint. But if the

gods and the muses do preside over genius for the benefit of the human race, they were never wiser or kinder than when they gave George Sand's powers to a woman at just the time when they gave them. She was not misunderstood by the best of her contemporaries. Hugo, Sainte-Beuve, Flaubert, her friends but not her lovers, were steadfastly loyal to the woman and to the artist. They liked her and admired her, that was all. Among less distinguished people she won and held a vast public, which extended beyond the boundaries of France, and the ranks of which have been constantly renewed for a hundred years.

Her followers are readers of romance. She wrote nothing directly about feminism, and probably never heard the word, and so she left no successors in social theory, no "school." But she did much for feminism simply by being what she was, by acting out her ideas without theory or formulated principle. So she is one of the heroines of French feminism. After her there was no further question of the propriety of a woman's substituting the pen

for the needle as a means of livelihood—if she could. Most women cannot do that, or what it symbolizes—they cannot do it alone. Genius, even in bad and unjust times, has special privileges. George Sand was independent because she early found that she could be. She paid for her independence, and she was able to pay in cold hard terms, with her strength, with her talents. If she had not been able to make manuscripts that she could sell, she would have been lost. This terrible *vache à écrire* gave in abundance not only the rich maternal fluid but a continuous stream of gold and silver cash, so that even her tireless capacity to earn was often overstrained. One item is typical: When her daughter Solange was about to be married to a useless man and the household was all upset with the bustle of wedding preparations, George Sand celebrated the preliminary festival by writing a novel to pay the extra expenses. This dreamer and idealist was a very practical person; the outrageous Bohemian had her feet solidly on the ground like a good French *bourgeoise*. In

short, she was not an irresponsible fool. The known circumstances of her life make it no wonder at all that few of her novels are masterpieces; the real wonder is that so many of them are. Women whose ideal of feminine freedom is "self-expression" should adore her. Only—she had something to express.

A curious thing about queens is that though they believe in their right and capacity to rule at the very head, it never occurs to them that a woman might be qualified to help govern in a subordinate position. If Catherine the Great had proposed that any of her lovers, however ignorant, should manage the educational system of Russia, nobody would have murmured. But if she had proposed that a woman should be put in charge, her own army would have shot her full of holes. Elizabeth of England never questioned the right or ability of Mary Queen of Scots to rule, not, that is, on the ground of sex. But suppose that somebody, some Bacon of even more advanced learning than Sir Francis, had suggested that in a proper she-college a woman might be trained to be a

good head clerk in some department of state, he would have been sent to a madhouse or forthwith to the block, without even the formality of a Star Chamber trial. Victoria would be horrified to see a woman in Ramsay MacDonald's cabinet, as no doubt many little Victorias are horrified now. There is a reason for this apparent inconsistency. Subordinate positions are not hereditary, not directly hereditary, though generally they are filled by members of aristocratic families. Lord Burghley had no born right to be lord high treasurer; though he had all the advantages of birth and breeding, he had to make his way up as far as he could go by hard work and "native" ability. But queens are queens, potentially from the start, and are so treated. If a girl has a fair chance of succession she is trained and tutored and groomed and coached and serves a royal apprenticeship, formal and informal, in court. And so a princess is presumably as competent as anybody can be, except a prince, for the task of being queen. Sometimes things go wrong. She may be a

born fool, incurable by education, and wars and conquests and assassinations and other things may prevent her from mounting the throne. But the presumption is there (recall "heir presumptive" and "heir apparent"), and it becomes the basis of some kind of preparation. Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots were terrifically well educated women. Catherine was not so well started at first, because nobody in her childhood dreamed of her being monarch of Russia. She arrived at her commanding position by a series of political flukes and intrigues that the wildest prophet could not have foreseen. In her childhood her chance of being queen of any country was no better than the chance of electing a Republican governor in South Carolina.

Catherine was the daughter of a petty German prince, a general in the service of Frederick the Great. She and her mother were sent to Russia as pawns in Frederick's plan to strengthen Prussian influence and weaken Austrian influence. Catherine was married to Peter, heir to the Russian throne, an ignorant

lout, who is said to have abused her. The first inkling we have of her energetic character is that when she was betrothed at the age of fifteen she worked herself sick learning Russian. She left the Lutheran Church for the Greek Orthodox Church as easily as she might change from one old coat to another. There was no religion in her, but her conversion was pleasing to the Russian people, and she observed religious conventions strictly, as a matter of policy. When her husband became emperor, he made the mistake of withdrawing to Germany with his retinue of Holsteiners, leaving Catherine in St. Petersburg. The regiments of the guard deposed Peter and made Catherine empress. Soon he died of what is officially called apoplexy. How much Catherine had to do with the mutiny and the murder is not known, but one of the leaders was Gregory Orlov, openly known to be her lover, or one of her lovers, perhaps lover-in-chief.

Catherine ruled the Russian empire for thirty-four years, energetically, and, according to her lights, honestly and wisely. Her

wisdom did not embrace the mitigation of horrible tortures for offenses against the state, and her ideals of reform did not extend to the emancipation of the serfs. She learned nothing practical from the theoretic democracy of the French philosophers, Voltaire, Diderot, and the rest, but they received much practical benefit from her in the shape of pensions. In return they praised her for her knowledge of philosophy and for her enlightenment as a ruler, and this amused her and helped her reputation in Europe. Frederick the Great, who was no fool in estimating people and was a veteran in politics, regarded her as the only monarch in Europe whom he acknowledged as his equal (there was not much competition at the time).

Catherine never deceived herself about her learning, frankly confessed her lack of appreciation of music, painting, and sculpture. But she did like to read, widely though superficially. She wrote a vast quantity of letters, vivacious, shrewd, and vigorous, and even tried her hand in dramatic composition. In a world

of lying, flattery, and intrigue, she did not lose her head; and she set an example by her ceaseless industry to the idle bureaucracy and holders of sinecures. Officials reported direct to her; she knew what was going on in her wide domain. In a way it was Catherine the foreigner who Russianized Russia. The culture of Russia was under the influence of western Europe, especially France, and so it continued to be, according to Tolstoy's complaint, well into the nineteenth century. Even the Russian language was unsettled and Russian typography was bad. But a new national spirit was growing up, and Catherine fostered it. She prided herself on being a Russian queen and ordered her doctor to bleed her of the last drop of German blood. She was a great little joker, and she knew how to make her effect with humor as well as with dignity and severity. Every good thing she said went through Europe and among her own people, even the illiterate. She patronized the coming men of letters and contributed notes to the first Russian dictionary. The Minister of Jus-

tice, Gerjavine, wrote a satire on court life, with many slurs at individuals. Under earlier monarchs he might have got into trouble. Catherine gave him money and a gold snuff-box, and sent marked copies of the piece to the persons satirized. There is no doubt of her sincerity in these holiday pursuits; she was playing a lively game, innocent enough. At the same time she was playing an immense serious game for the aggrandizement of Russia, extending the frontiers by conquest far beyond what they had ever been before; she secured the Crimea and took her fair share in the partition of Poland, which her philosophic French lovers of liberty of course argued themselves into approving.

At the same time she was playing a third game, the game of love, apparently open and above board, with a succession or multiplicity of partners and with inexhaustible *joie de vivre*. In one respect her amours were different from those of some other royal persons. Her mates were not prostitutes lured by her power and wealth, though naturally those ad-

vantages were no discouragement to amorous intimacy. She was an attractive woman in body, mind, and disposition. Any man would have been glad to serve her. She preferred good-looking men and got them, courteous and charming men, not like her unlamented husband. With the world to choose from, she kept her stable well supplied, and she conducted it in a most decorous and orderly fashion; it was not a clandestine, backstairs establishment, for everybody knew about it and knew the names of her favorites. How far she mixed love and politics can only be conjectured. She had such good sense and was so intent on her great projects that it is doubtful if she ever put into a high and dangerously crucial position any man for no other reason than that she loved him. On the other hand, there seems to be no case of her throwing off a favorite and leaving him in misery after she was done with him; she was prodigally generous—with public money. She has been accused of trying to make generals of her favorites, and assuredly Potemkin, a brilliant man, was no

military genius. Perhaps he was as good as most of her generals chosen on a dispassionate basis of promotion. Catherine did not understand military matters or study her army; and that may be one way in which she showed that she was not a man. The spirit of romance balks, even writhes at the spectacle of her, an old woman of nearly seventy and already ill, living with young Zubov, giving him unlimited power, and allowing him to send his brother on a wildly foolish invasion of India. Her mind was failing; toward the end she had hysterical convulsions said to be referable to only one possible cause. Love may have taken a disgusting revenge. But while she was blooming and mistress of Love, he was a joyous master.

Catherine once boasted that she was as "frank and original as any Englishman." She came to hate England for blocking her plan to aid the Greeks against the Turks, but her hatred was not more than any monarch feels toward a rival nation. She certainly liked what she knew of Englishmen and of English

literature. Did she study the life of an Englishwoman who was frank and original, frank when she wanted to be, a queen whose name is given to the richest sixty years in the literature of the world? The very adjective Elizabethan means by itself Elizabethan literature more than it means anything else in a period in which there was so much else. Elizabeth ceased to rule when she died in 1603; her name continued to rule English literature for a quarter of a century after her death. And Elizabeth had much more to do with the intellectual life of her country than Catherine with the intellectual life of hers. The virgin queen was the subject of poetry which praised her for her beauty, when honest prose would have praised her for her intellect. She liked poetry and the drama, even when she was not in it. And she played in the greatest drama of all, her own life, the life of England. She was the heroine, the leading lady, but not the highest tragic queen, by the rules of the dramatic art, for she survived and triumphed while others died.

Recently Lytton Strachey with a fine air of

rediscovery has unfolded Elizabeth to us and made her almost as popular as a moving picture actress. His *Elizabeth and Essex* is a beautiful book, a work of art; the episodes are chosen with an eye to dramatic effect, and characters are heightened and depressed, as in a play. This is perfectly appropriate to a book about Elizabeth, the queen of a more moving and more eloquently talking drama than any in our theater. But the reader who has not read other biographies should be cautioned that Mr. Strachey is not, in this book, a biographer or an historian but a romancer and a very fine one; and this too is appropriate to a great queen of romance, to the Faerie Queen. The romance is in a new style, a style which Shakespeare would not have understood; it is, in the beginning, an exquisite rendering of the speculative fiction of psychoanalysis, an illuminating and imaginative near-science when it strays into fiction, perhaps a true science in the hands of scientific men. Strachey's use of psychoanalysis, so far as he does use it, is intelligent and convincing. He explains Elizabeth's

failure to marry, and also her failure to have a lover in ultimate relations, by a physical aversion which began in her childhood when Thomas Seymour made indecent advances to the young girl. No serious damage was done to her body, but much might have been done to her nerves, her emotions, her spirit. When Seymour was being tried for other misconduct his relations with Elizabeth were investigated, and she defended herself most ably, showing for the first time what she showed all her life, that her real spirit was not to be subdued. Another explanation of her virginity, or at least of her failure to marry, was current gossip in her time: that she suffered from a physical defect. Whether she was virgin or not is really none of our business, and too much has been made of it. Marriage, the marriage of a queen, is another matter, an important public matter. Likely enough it was for the good of England that she married no foreign prince and so saved her country from an entangling alliance from which nothing was to be gained. She kept Philip of Spain and two Austrian and

two French princes, and of course the people of all countries, in suspense, while she carefully watched the political situation. In a way she was a sort of Fabius profiting by delay and hesitation. She flirted with her English suitors, sometimes going to lengths that disturbed the public. Leicester was her suitor, and late in her life came her strange affair with Essex, thirty years her junior. No doubt she was fond of him, and when his rebellion resulted in tragic disaster, she reluctantly ordered his execution *pro bono publico.*

Whatever her private emotions and feminine or simply human freaks of temper, she was devoted heart and soul to the welfare of England. If England had demanded it, one speculates, she would have married anybody. Her speech to the Commons, which proved to be something like a valedictory, rings with sincerity, and it is in the style of a prose Shakespeare, like much of the prose of that golden age of speech. "To be king and wear a crown is a thing more glorious to them that see than it is pleasant to them that bear it. . . . I

should be willing to resign the place I hold to any other, and glad to be freed of the glory with the labors; for it is not my desire to live nor to reign longer than my life and reign shall be for your good." When a Polish ambassador came to her with an outrageous proposition and, knowing neither English nor French, addressed her in Latin, she annihilated him with an impromptu reply in Latin, pulling from her memory the words and constructions that she had learned from old Roger Ascham.

She did rule England, but not alone. Though she was as a woman very lonely, especially toward the end, with no husband, no children and no near relatives for whom she cared, she was not lonely as a statesman and administrator. She was surrounded not only by suitors and flirtatious courtiers but by solid able men. What she or England would have done without Burghley, it is needless to speculate, for he was there. And so were others, warriors and statesmen, the admirals who defeated the Spanish Armada (with the help of the weather) and carried out the expansionist

policy which Elizabeth promoted in spite of her instinctive insularity. She played up her sex for all it was worth for public purposes, made her very weakness a strength, and baffled and defeated the best diplomats of Europe. How much womanish spite, simple female jealousy was there in her treatment of Mary Queen of Scots, beautiful and charming, and entangled in love affairs to her own destruction? In the romantic versions of the tragedy of Mary, a drama as Elizabethan as any on the Elizabethan stage, Elizabeth is a sort of villain, cruel and unlovely. In point of fact Mary was a political danger, and Elizabeth's ministers and Parliament demanded Mary's execution. Elizabeth ruled, but she was not obstinate or capricious at the wrong time; she listened to her ministers and she listened to the voice of the people with acute attention. Nobody knew the English nation better than she did, and no individual did more than she to make it a nation and prevent it from splitting up into factions. When, against the advice of her more cautious courtiers, she went riding

alone, she boasted that she was safe in the hands of the English people. And the English people, as it proved, were safe with her as pilot.

Democrats do not like queens, or pretend not to like them except in ancient history and romance. And feminism, which is fundamentally democratic if it has any intellectual foundation, cannot like queens as political institutions. But feminism might erect a sort of memorial chapel of its own, next to the royal cathedral, and in it dedicate statues of all the women who have contributed directly and especially to feminism. Or better yet would be a library with all the literature of feminism and busts of the authors, including one or two men. The first bust and the first book on the shelf would be those of a woman of Queen Elizabeth's nation (though her blood was all Irish), Mary Wollstonecraft, who lived in the second half of the eighteenth century. She was the wife of William Godwin, the political and moral philosopher, and she died giving birth to the talented Mary Godwin, who became the second wife of Shelley. Shelley and

Mary Godwin were both first-rate feminists and anarchists and atheists and artists—any kind of "ist" which seemed to promise relief from human misery and degradation. Mary Wollstonecraft was a beautiful woman of a delicate type, not aggressive, but gentle and sensitive, a mercurial temperament, which is said to be common among the Irish, running from transports of joy to deep depression. Godwin in his tender and loyal but somewhat inflated *Memoirs* of her calls her a "female Werther." For a time she lived with an American naval officer named Imlay. Their illegal relation was not secret, but on her part at least was open and without shame. He grew tired of her and offered to settle an annuity on her and her child. For herself she refused. "From you," she wrote, "I will not receive anything more. I am not sufficiently humbled to depend on your beneficence." It was not, however, personal independence or antagonism to men that inspired her book, *Vindication of the Rights of Women.* That was written before she met Imlay, and so far as it is personal it is

based on her early struggles to earn a living. Her father was a drunkard. Mary and her sisters were thrown on their own resources, which consisted, fortunately, of fine intellects and unfortunately, as it seemed to Mary, of a limited education, useless to a woman who must make her way in the world. Her talent as a writer saved her, but few women have any such special gift. She did some translating and wrote two books, not of great importance, which have, however, an extraordinary value, for they were illustrated by Blake.

Mary sat down to consider calmly the whole position of women. Never before had a woman examined the world of women and published the result. The *Vindication* is a pioneer work, original and without precedent; some of the ideas had been expressed by men, but Mary did not know that. To appreciate the greatness of this book we must remember that it was written more than a hundred years ago by a woman of thirty-three, and that some of the ideas, which are now commonplace, were then daringly revolutionary. The very

fact that a woman had the courage to write the book, to think things out for herself, was a declaration of independence. With no bitterness, no cynicism, she goes straight to the heart of the matter. Women simply are not prepared to face life alone or to be wives and mothers. She emphasizes the maternal duty of women and pleads for the good of society as a whole. She sees through the old-fashioned virtues imposed on women; she says that for women to be truly virtuous they must in some measure be independent of men. The true basis of marriage is fellowship, intelligent companionship, the preparation of both men and women by equal education and equal practice of chastity to be the parents of their children. Mary knows nothing of what we call sociology, or of economics, or of politics. She is merely arguing on ordinary common-sense grounds for the real dignity of women, asking that they be treated like reasonable responsible human beings. Her title, *Vindication,* rather stiffly misrepresents the warm substance of the book. It is not a vindication but a plea for freedom

and opportunity. This was the age of the Revolution (Mary went to Paris to watch the progress of the Revolution); the air was full of liberty and equality. Mary says in effect: "What about liberty and equality for women?" The revolutionary forefathers in America did not think of that. Her tentative remark about woman's political rights is amusing. She says: "I may excite laughter by dropping a hint that women ought to have representatives, instead of being arbitrarily governed without having any direct share allowed them in the deliberations of government." That modest sentence a hundred and thirty years ago was treason, insanity. It came from the pen of a quiet pretty woman with moderate literary ambitions, who had no notion of dynamiting conventions or overthrowing society.

It would seem that with Mary Wollstonecraft the woman movement in England might have got a fair start. But it was laggard for a century. American women were the first in all the world to *organize* for political and so-

cial reform. When, in 1920, after eighty years of struggle, the Nineteenth Amendment was added to the Constitution, it was popularly, though not officially called the Susan B. Anthony Amendment. Many bills and statutes have borne the names of the men who sponsored them. Here was a modification of the fundamental law of the land associated with the name of a woman. There is nothing like that in history. Susan Anthony was not the only able leader in the long war for the vote, but she was easily the best major-general. If I had authority to prescribe books for girls (and others), I should put near the top of the list Mrs. Reta Childe Dorr's biography of Susan Anthony. It is an exciting tale of a splendid career, of a character courageous, persistent, and not without humor. It belongs with the best log-cabin-to-White-House stories, of which Americans are fond. An obscure school-teacher in a small town pursues her course for fifty years, often through hardships that would stagger a man; she faces and masters hostile audiences, inspires and steadies

her associates, rises above personal abuse and misrepresentation, forgets herself and never for a moment forgets her purpose, lives to see most of her ideas accepted and to find herself, once hooted and derided, finally honored among the great ones of the earth.

Women who worked with her called her Napoleon. It seems an unconscious insult to give her the name of that egotist. Rather she has in her a streak of Lincoln. One episode in her long life will show her mettle. She made up her mind, with some legal advice, that under the wording of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, which was intended to enfranchise negroes, women also had a constitutional right to vote. So she voted. With superb audacity she overwhelmed the election board in Rochester and compelled them (under threat of arrest!) to permit her and fifteen other women to vote. She was herself arrested for illegal voting and tried. This was exactly what she wanted. The judge played into her hands by violating the simplest rules of court procedure, refused to let her testify

on the ground that she was not a competent witness, and ordered the jury to bring in a verdict of guilty. The judge asked the usual question: "Has the prisoner anything to say why sentence shall not be pronounced?" Susan was ready with a speech, which went all over the country. She concluded by asking not leniency but the full penalty of the law. The judge fined her a hundred dollars. "May it please your honor," she said, "I will never pay a dollar of your unjust penalty." And she never did pay. The case made a stir. Many men and many newspapers opposed to woman suffrage attacked the judge. Finally President Grant pardoned her and the election inspectors who had been found guilty of receiving the women's ballots. Miss Anthony had a genius for publicity. She was always good "copy" for the press, and the regular newspapers did more for her than special suffrage journals. People generally came to like her, whether they agreed with her or not.

Susan Anthony was a democrat, an uncommon specimen of the common people. She

was poor, as were most of the early suffragists. Superior persons used to dismiss the militant sisters as members of the lower social orders. A woman who did much to reverse this attitude of the "best people" was Julia Ward Howe. It was possible to sneer at Susan Anthony and her band of "viragos" and other things—the vocabulary of abuse which even respectable editors once permitted is past belief. It was not possible to be discourteous to Mrs. Howe, aristocrat and famous author of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." And it was dangerous to argue with her, for she knew what she was talking about and she had a wit to which no man would willingly expose himself. When she addressed the Massachusetts legislature the gentlemen listened respectfully, though they did not always enact the measures which she advocated. Yet it is largely due to her that many legal disabilities were removed from women in Massachusetts and that that now conservative commonwealth led most of the other states in legislation for the protection of workingwomen. She joined

the crusade for political equality in 1869, and at that time she was guilty of treason to her class. She gave courage to other women who were afraid that it was not respectable or ladylike to avow their belief in woman suffrage. In 1906 at the convention of the National Woman Suffrage Association Julia Ward Howe, eighty-seven, and Susan B. Anthony, eighty-six, met for the last time. The political equality of women was not to be realized in America for fourteen years. But another kind of equality and unity had been realized, between women of different social origins and traditions working for the same end. The democratization of women among themselves is one of the good results of the woman movement.

This democratization and sense of unity was extending beyond America. The advanced women of the world were beginning to know each other, to know that their problems are the same. So that women became a force for internationalism, until the World War interrupted it and so many other fine things.

But the interruption was only temporary. From every country came some voice of leadership with a message to women of other countries.

One of the strongest voices, though most gentle and least militant, was that of Ellen Key of Sweden, whom I have quoted many times. She died at the age of seventy after a lifetime of quiet work in her great little country. Many progressive ideas have come from the Scandinavian nations. It was Ibsen who dramatized, in *A Doll's House*, the right of a woman to her own life—especially if her husband is an intolerable fool. Ellen Key is less interested in the emotional independence of women than in the welfare of the coming generations. She made the phrase which is the title of one of her books, *The Century of the Child*. And a companion book is *The Renaissance of Motherhood*.

These books may be a little out of date. But I see nothing to take their place coming from those girls, some of them still young, who used to be so beautiful in the suffrage parades. Are

they resting on their laurels or the laurels of their mothers? And there is another generation growing up which never saw a suffrage parade and never will see one. We shall hear from them some day. While we are waiting for them we can only say to *their* mothers, our contemporaries—

GOOD NIGHT, LADIES!

Co-ordination of activities